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PRUSSIA.

THE quarrel between the King of PRUSSIA and his subjects is now complete, and foreigners may be very well surprised both at the history and at the termination of the struggle. If the King of PRUSSIA and his advisers really wished to build up a new policy, to overshadow Northern Germany with a despotism after the Russian pattern, and to force all opponents into silence at the point of the sword, the design would be intelligible, but nothing could be more strange than the means taken to fulfil the end. A great scheme of ambition, and a project for a bold and defiant tyranny, would be very strangely inaugurated by the little arts to which M. VON BISMARCK and his colleagues have had recourse. To insist on the right of abusing everybody and misstating everything in the Lower House unchecked, to retire into a lobby during the invectives of the Opposition, on the plea that quite as much reached the ear there as was worth listening to, and to claim the proud privilege of going on declaiming after the PRESIDENT has put on his hat, are the petty tricks by which a very small mind tries to irritate and wound, not the signs of a statesmanship that can be bold either for good or bad. On the other hand, the Deputies, although the nation is incontestably with them—although they are supported by all that is respectable and liberal in the press and in public opinion—and although they know that the rest of Germany and Europe is, for the most part, warmly on their side, yet take these insults very patiently. They behave, indeed, exactly as they ought to do. They refuse, with great spirit, to accept the new doctrines of Parliamentary humiliation which the Minister offers to teach them; they present addresses to the KING, couched in firm, moderate, and bold language, and they act well together, sinking all minor differences in the generous desire to be true to their trust and to their country. But those who are full of the memories of English political history wonder why they do not do more. Our ancestors cut off a King's head for little graver faults than WILLIAM of PRUSSIA has committed, and the Crown in England has been compelled, on more than one occasion, by force, or the instant threat of force, to respect the rights of the people. English critics of Prussia, therefore, are apt to ask, with a sort of puzzled wonder and contempt, why it is that Prussians take things so quietly? Nor is this without reason. After all, personal courage is the foundation of political liberty, and England is free because a certain proportion of Englishmen for a good many centuries have been without fear—not merely without the fear of death, for that is a small thing, but without fear of incurring censure and obloquy, and the opposition of the great and powerful. Unless a people will resist a despotism, there is no security for liberty. Perhaps the Prussians are rather sluggish by habit, and they may not have the energy and spirit which give political life an easy start. But they themselves say, that to suppose this a crisis for active opposition betrays a total misapprehension of the state of affairs. They have, they think, everything to lose and nothing to gain by a revolution, even if the revolution were successful. They deny that English history furnishes any true parallel to the circumstances in which they now find themselves, and they assert that the course they are taking is the one most likely to lead to success. We can scarcely pretend to know Prussia better than the Prussians do; and it is therefore worth while to understand what they mean. They have shown great good sense, and a considerable aptitude for self-government, in their contest with the Ministry. They have never given an advantage to their opponents, and never quarrelled among themselves. The probability is, that men of whom this can be said are driving towards an end which, at any rate, is not absurd or contemptible.

The Prussians do not wish to quarrel with their Sovereign more than they can possibly help. They think that King

WILLIAM is a silly, stiff old soldier, cajoled and bullied by the people with whom he lives, but well-meaning and honest in his way. They do not dislike him personally, and would be sorry to do him any injury. And if they put up with him tolerably well, they have the strongest admiration and affection for the House to which he belongs. Prussia was invented by the HOHENZOLLERNS. They, and they alone, created it, amplified it, and kept it alive. Nor is it only gratitude that binds the people to the throne; or, if it is gratitude, it is of the kind that expects favours to come as well as remembers favours that are past. Prussia is a great State almost by accident, without a frontier, without coherence, without any common centre of life. The Prussians feel that Prussia might fall to pieces as easily as it was bound together, if any serious derangement occurred in the working of the machinery that keeps it in order. And it is the Sovereign who is the head to which all the mixed population of Prussia has become accustomed to look up. Resistance to the KING, even when he violates the Constitution, may easily lead to civil war, and civil war may shake the Royal Family from their seat. This is not what Prussia wants. A HOHENZOLLEEN must, indeed, be tyrannical and odious before Prussians come to think that rather than put up with him they would do without HOHENZOLLERNS altogether, and take the risk not only of that anarchy which attends revolution in all countries, but of that political break up which is the peculiar danger of Prussia. Nor is it merely fear that would make Prussian Constitution-alists very reluctant to quarrel with the army. They want, above all things, to avoid a collision with the army; for the army in Prussia is so national a force, and the soldiers belong so much to every class, that the ordinary Prussian would have a feeling of personal pain if he had to do anything by which the lives of the soldiers were sacrificed. It is the very complaint of the military authorities of Prussia that their men are too short a time under arms, and remain too much of civilians. And if this is so, other civilians naturally wish to avoid shooting, or being shot by, them. But above all, it must be remembered that this contest is not so much a political as a social one. The true issue is not whether the power of the Crown shall be limited, but whether there shall henceforth be the strong line of demarcation which at present separates the Prussian noble from the plebeian. M. VON BISMARCK and his colleagues are the representatives of one of the shabbiest, meanest, most spiritless aristocracies that ever afflicted a nation. But they belong to an aristocracy which socially is very powerful, which glories in giving itself airs, which triumphs in the silliest exclusiveness, and, what is of more importance, which has now for two centuries at least been revered, and petted, and magnified by the mass of Germans, although its proper eminence has been so small. The puerility of minor dandies and exquisites is exactly the quality which M. VON BISMARCK and his friends display and delight in displaying. General VON ROON behaved, and claimed to behave unquestioned, very much as the vulgar type of provincial magnate goes on at a county ball, where snobs of all sorts are to be astonished and put down. This does not lessen the bitterness with which the conduct of the Prussian Ministers has inspired those who have suffered under it; but, as they are sensible men, they know that patience is the best weapon in such a case. They are aware that nothing brings down the affectations and insolence of a sham aristocracy so much as the quick, punctual, methodical discharge of the duties of business. If they play carefully, they are sure of the game; for no aristocracy that has not got in it qualities and a capacity of which Prussian nobles never dream can stand long against the attacks of men possessing wealth, and education, and political fame, and national esteem.

And, politically as well as socially, the Prussians think themselves sure to win. They have told the KING a simple

truth. They have bid him understand that, unless he sends his present advisers away, the Chamber and the Sovereign must remain separated. There is no other alternative. Either the KING must do without a Parliament, or he must get a set of Ministers who will be decently civil to the representatives of the people. The KING has replied that he prefers to do without a Parliament; and so the Deputies are sent away, and the Government is to see what it can do by itself. The Prussians say that they are confident the attempt must be a failure. For some time, a Prussian King can do very well without a Parliament. The ordinary revenue of the Crown does not depend on a yearly vote, and the ordinary revenue is nearly enough to go on with. The army can be recruited and kept up, and officials can get their salaries, without any public grant. It is true that the ordinary revenue would not quite suffice, and that this must lead to a deficit, while no loan could be negotiated without the sanction of Parliament. No new legislation could be made on any subject, and although the necessity for new laws is not a pressing one in Prussia, yet a Sovereign who is incapable of introducing any recognised change into any great department of affairs begins after a time to feel himself in a very pitiable condition. The position of Prussia, too, in Germany, would soon alter for the worse if the KING stood alone. It could make no new arrangements with regard to the Zollverein, and the commercial leadership of the Zollverein is one of the greatest elements of Prussian ascendancy in Northern Germany. Nor could his neighbours reckon on King WILLIAM being able to protect them in war or to preserve peace for them. He can scarcely go to war without the consent of his subjects, for war costs money, and the money is not to be got at easily. Of course all this calculation supposes that the Courts of law would do their duty, and that, if a tax were illegal, judges would boldly pronounce that the law forbade its being levied. The Prussians feel sure of their judges. They think them an honourable, upright, fearless set of men, and several of the highest and most eminent Prussian judges are members of the Lower House and have taken a leading part in the opposition to the unconstitutional action of the Ministers. Nor is it very likely that the judges would go out of their way to please the Court; for judges, if warped by anything, are much more likely to be influenced by the general opinion of the society in which they live than by a vague wish to stand well with Ministers; and the judges belong to that class of society which is fighting its battle against the old privileged order. It is true that if the KING were resolved to set up a tyranny, he need care very little for law courts. He could treat judges as they are treated in France, and the Federal States, and Turkey. He could make martial law supersede every other. But this is exactly what those who have watched him most closely feel sure he will never do. He will shrink from that abyss which yawns at the feet of every government and dynasty that places itself in open opposition to law. He will stick by his aristocratical friends when they merely bully and hector in a legal and peaceable way, but he will not do anything that will make him feel that his position is entirely altered, and that he reigns altogether as a despot. Whether this is a true prophecy time alone can show, but it has no absurdity on the face of it which should make us refuse to listen to it.

THE FRENCH ELECTIONS.

THE official theory of election in France, absurd as it seems to those who are exclusively familiar with English traditions, is perfectly intelligible to Frenchmen. The representatives of departments must never forget that they have to submit themselves to the crowned representative of the nation, as their patrons, the Prefects, obey the MINISTER of the INTERIOR. They are, indeed, conventionally allowed to interfere with the details of legislation, on condition, as M. DE PERSIGNY frequently explains, of acquiescence in the principles of the Empire. It is true that they must abide by the consequences if they take the liberality of the Government in earnest. Their franchisees, like a child's pony or pocket-money, are their own, as long as they use them properly. Rash experimentalists have discovered, at the cost of their seats, that it is not altogether easy to distinguish between principles and details. M. KELLER ought to have known that excessive devotion to the Holy See involved constructive disloyalty to CÆSAR; but the deputies who are dismissed because they voted against the grant to the Count of PALIKAO may reasonably complain that they have been misled by the Minister's ambiguous language. Henceforth, it will be known that proposed pensions to favourite officers are, in common with other great principles, sacred from criticism and opposition. A dissentient member of the French Chamber

is regarded by the Government with the same feelings which might affect a Chancellor of the Exchequer if the junior Lords of the Treasury suddenly proposed to reject his Budget, or to appoint the officers of the revenue. Their commission might, perhaps, ostensibly justify their interference, but the literal interpretation of legal fictions affords but an insufficient basis of action.

The opposition offered by the Minister to the candidature of M. THIERS is perfectly consistent with the penalties which he has inflicted on mutinous nominees. The presence in the Chamber of a politician of the first rank would be in itself a protest against the Empire. Although M. THIERS has employed his life and his genius in the systematic eulogy of military despotism, he is too considerable a personage to be willingly tolerated by the potentate whose dynasty he has made popular and possible. It cannot be forgotten that he was a principal debater in a free Assembly, and that he was the responsible Minister of a Constitutional King. In the representative body, M. THIERS would not only be a monument of the past, but he would be a possible competitor for power; and it is of the very essence of the Imperial system that political rivals and equals should be excluded from public life. A Republican critic who censures the policy of the Government is regarded as an endurable evil, while a statesman accustomed to the conduct of affairs is an ever-present danger and annoyance. M. THIERS ought to be flattered by M. DE PERSIGNY's decision, especially as he might have feared that his vast services to the Imperial dynasty would be insidiously rewarded by official recognition. The Minister partially acknowledges the claims of the illustrious historian who taught the people of France that glory and conquest form an abundant compensation for political servitude; and if M. THIERS could have been trusted to advocate in the Chamber the doctrines which he has successfully propagated in his works, he might have been allowed, like some Royal captive in a Roman procession, to adorn by his presence the triumph of the EMPEROR. Under present circumstances, it is safer to warn the inhabitants of "the wealthiest, the most tranquil, and the most beautiful city in the world" against the substitution of barren discussion for action, or, in other words, of freedom for despotism. M. THIERS, with all his faults, belongs to a generation which found in discussion a principal instrument of action. Under the present happy system, controversy is necessarily barren of results, and it seems hard that it should be reproached with its compulsory sterility. There is an amusing candour in the official boast of the tranquillity of Paris, as the phrase refers to the judicious improvements which have brought the principal thoroughfares under the control of troops and artillery. It is true that little good has been effected by barricades; but M. THIERS would, at his present age, feel little disposed to organize an insurrection in the streets.

The equanimity of the Government is simultaneously menaced by several other candidates of political eminence. Count MONTALEMBERT and M. DUBAURE, like M. THIERS, have opinions of their own, and eloquence which renders them formidable. M. CASIMIR PERIER illustrates the honourable name which he bears by a manly independence, and by an industrious study of public affairs. M. PREVOST-PARADOL is the wittiest and subtlest of that school of satirical reasoners which keeps alive the spirit of free inquiry under the dull coercion of an absolute Government. Above all, the supporters of limited monarchy are not impracticable Republicans. The little Opposition in the late Chamber displayed both courage and ability, but it exclusively represented the faction which has rendered even the Empire an acceptable alternative. The Jacobins of 1793 have bequeathed to their political descendants a just and undying unpopularity. When their principles seemed about to be temporarily re-established in 1848, the Republic, which had long been a name of terror, became the object of universal contempt. M. GARNIER PAGÉS, who was a member of the Provisional Government, has addressed to M. BAROCHE a natural remonstrance against an impudent apostasy, and it cannot be denied that the colleague and partisan of LEDRU ROLLIN might be expected to abstain from attacks on the cause which he supported as long as it was in the ascendant; but it is nevertheless true that the ignoble riot which overthrew the ORLEANS Monarchy was fatal both to liberty and to order. The financial administration of M. GARNIER PAGÉS himself was as imbecile and ridiculous as the pretensions of the mock DANTON of the Home Department were profligately tyrannical. M. LEDRU ROLLIN affected to interfere with the elections more despotically than M. DE PERSIGNY himself, and he publicly informed the Commissaries, who for the time superseded the Prefects, that their powers were absolutely un-

limited. At the same time, M. HIPPOLYTE CARNOT, the admirer and biographer of BARÈRE, as Minister of Public Instruction, exhorted the schoolmasters of France to support, by preference, candidates who were unable to read or write. M. LOUIS BLANC, more consistently, objected to the convocation of any Assembly whatever, on the ground that the Republic could only be preserved, in spite of the wish of the nation, by the resolute exercise of dictatorial power. The Provisional Government found itself utterly unable to effect its objects, but France is perfectly justified in refusing to attribute to moderation the consequences of weakness and disrepute. The Empire owes so much to the abortive Republic that it regards with complacency the representatives of a system which has ceased to be formidable. The old Parliamentary parties preserve a nobler tradition, recalling the memory of the only interval of freedom which France has enjoyed since the accession of HUGH CAPET. Under LOUIS PHILIPPE, and even during the Restoration, political power rested in the hands of the ablest men, with the consent of constituencies to which no Minister could openly dictate.

Perhaps, after all, there is some foundation for the theory that universal suffrage requires regulation from above. If property and civilization are to be staked on a cast, there may be an advantage in providing that the dice shall be loaded. It is better that the multitude should be deluded than that it should exercise uncontrolled dominion. One of the best proofs of its unfitness to rule consists in the readiness with which it abdicates political functions. Prefects find it comparatively easy to manipulate universal suffrage, but in the days of GUIZOT and THIERS they were taxed with corruption if they had, with infinite trouble, procured a majority for the Ministerial candidate. It is not without reason that M. DE PERSIGNY and his sycophants perpetually remind the electors that the EMPEROR restored universal suffrage. At the same moment, and in the consistent prosecution of the same policy, he sent the representatives of the people to prison, and conferred on himself every executive and legislative power. In the words of the proclamations which were telegraphed to every corner of France, "The PRESIDENT has closed the Assembly, and 'restored universal suffrage.'" The experiment has been tried to exhaustion, both in positive and negative forms, without the smallest variety of indication. Under the Charter, the franchise was limited and the country was free. The Republic, as soon as it began to consolidate itself, deprived the lowest classes of the right of voting; and universal suffrage once more revived with a naked military despotism. The responsible politicians who now appeal to its decision would be incapable of administering affairs without a salutary restriction of the right of voting. It is uncertain whether the party of freedom will ever be able to resist the double pressure of the upper and nether millstone. The peasantry of France care nothing for ability, for personal dignity, or for individual freedom. It seems, however, from the addresses of the Opposition candidates, that a certain interest is felt in finance and in economical administration. The frugal inhabitants of the departments are beginning to understand that the splendour of the second Empire has cost nearly, or fully, as much as it is worth. In the golden age recorded by M. THIERS, the plunder of Europe maintained and rewarded the armies which collected it, but modern civilization makes it necessary for potentates to pay their way at the expense of their subjects. Frenchmen like glory, but they still more cordially dislike taxes, and they suspect that loans may not furnish an inexhaustible resource. If a real Opposition is organized in the Legislative Body, its leaders will probably concentrate their efforts on the object of controlling as far as possible the national expenditure. Their further progress to free institutions will perhaps depend on the possibility of creating a real constituency in the place of an incoherent and promiscuous mass. Even the candidateship of a few eminent politicians has already rendered a service to the cause of liberty by forcing the miserable LIMAYRACS of the Second Empire to prove that the parasites and apologists of despotism have not become less cynical, less spiteful, or less servile since the days of DOMITIAN.

THE CITY ELECTION.

THE City appears resolved to act up to the character for sending up undistinguished representatives to Parliament which, with a few exceptions, all the metropolitan constituencies have long sustained. Perhaps the part which those constituencies thereby bear in the working of the Constitution is as useful as any other to which they could devote themselves. Acting under the very eyes of the Legislature, they fulfil the valuable function of "shocking examples," to deter any who may

be inclined to yield to the intoxication of democratic theories. It is important that our legislators should be constantly reminded, by a practical example, of the kind of electoral discretion that may be looked for from masses of uneducated working men, when absolutely emancipated from the influence of their superiors. The dream that large multitudes of men must instinctively do right is seductive enough to have fascinated even so hard a mind as Mr. CORDEN'S. It has more than once misled a whole generation of thinking men upon the Continent. The true antidote to such fancies is the study of unchecked, uncontrolled democracy, when actually at work. English politicians enjoy the advantage of judging by sample what an English Parliament would be like if it were elected by a suffrage practically so low and so free as that which exists in London.

The champions of the metropolitan constituencies might reply that they would elect better men if better men would offer themselves. As better men seldom do offer themselves, the electors have perhaps a right to the benefit of a sanguine hypothesis as to what their conduct would be in so improbable a case. But it only moves the blame a step further back. It may be that the electors, if the choice between tried merit and obvious insignificance were presented to them, would not always make the wrong selection. But still it is clear that, in some way or other, to them must be attributed the aversion which is felt by men of distinction to stand for large town constituencies. At first sight, that aversion is rather puzzling. If the theory upon which our representative system is worked be really founded upon feelings that actually exist, the possession of the confidence of a large mass of men, of whatever class, ought to be considered an honour. Such a sentiment appears to be genuinely prevalent in some countries, and is frequently professed upon the hustings or at public dinners in our own. And, in respect to county constituencies, there is a practical proof of its existence. A transference from a small borough seat to a county seat is decidedly looked upon as a Parliamentary promotion, and has been accepted in a considerable number of instances. But it is very seldom that the same value is attached to the representation of the larger town constituencies. And as they are the only constituencies in which the high level of house-rent makes the suffrage really democratic, the result coincides curiously with the principles upon which the American democracy, to their own undoing, have for many years selected their public men.

Of course, the first and most obvious reason why these dense urban constituencies are so studiously avoided by men of mark is the nature of the pledges which they are compelled to take. There are certain formulae of profession, in which a candidate scarcely ever believes, and which are strictly unpractical in their character, but to which he is pitilessly compelled to subscribe. It has often been noticed, as a subject of surprise, that the ten-pounders should go on exacting these unreal pledges, which it is evident that they themselves are perfectly aware have lost all practical significance. Such a criticism misses the real object which the ten-pounders have in giving a vote, and the real nature of the interest which they take in an election. It is ridiculous to suppose that they are political enthusiasts. From year's end to year's end they never give a thought to the subjects upon which they have exacted pledges from their representatives; and they give themselves very little trouble to inquire how those pledges have been kept. If no other interest attached to a contested election but the triumph of this or that political dogma, the attendance of the electors would be even scantier than it is now. The real feeling of the working men or small tradesmen is, that an election day is an assertion of their equality individually, and of their superiority collectively, to those who on all other days are their superiors. The ten-pounder likes to have his hand shaken deferentially, and his vote asked in a tone of politeness almost supplicating, by those who, on ordinary occasions, would get rid of him with very curt and business-like contempt. He likes to see a "nob" standing hat in hand assuring him and such as he is, that it will be the proudest moment of his life when he shall be invested with authority to express their feelings and opinions in the Legislature. For the same reason, the ten-pounders will not forego the customary pledges. It is not for the matter and meaning of those time-honoured formulae, which they do not at all understand, and do not greatly care for. But they are a sort of act of homage. They form a part of that utter and complete renunciation of all independent will and opinion, all consistency and self respect, on the part of the candidate, which is the true

significance of the day's performances, and ministers sweetly to the vanity of the half-educated electors. That this act of homage is somewhat repulsive to the candidate is far from detracting from its value in their eyes. That he should be compelled to carry his submission so far as to profess opinions in which he does not believe, is only a more striking acknowledgment of their temporary superiority and power. In America, the jealousy of the lower classes used to be carried so far that in many places they absolutely refused to elect a man of large inherited property. We think that the lower classes in London are wiser in their generation. It is a far more emphatic assertion of equality to make their superiors in society eat dirt, than simply to exclude them from all share in political power. But of course the necessary result is, that they only get the more worthless portion of those superiors to serve them.

There is another objection to the representation of large urban constituencies, which does not arise from the action of the ochlocracy, but from that of the better class. It is the enormous amount of so-called work which their member is expected to do. Every constituency in this country possesses a certain number of men of high morality and narrow intelligence, who, being comparatively unemployed, devote themselves to sundry quaint projects of their own devising for bettering the spiritual or physical condition of their fellow-creatures. Sometimes their aim is to thin the ranks of street-walkers by an invitation to weak tea, pious talk, and buttered muffins at midnight; sometimes to encourage evangelical holiness, by a weekly issue of soup to indigent professors; sometimes, it is to diminish crime by the popularization of warm baths. These, and a thousand similar schemes, are always struggling on with various destiny within the bounds of a large constituency. They are kept floating chiefly by the agency of public meetings, lectures, dinners, deputations, and the like. At all such gatherings the M.P. for the borough is the standing attraction. He is the one lion that the promoters of each particular scheme generally have to show. Not only, therefore, his subscription, but his presence and fascinating oratory must be at the service of them all. That any one can have anything else to do than forward their particular crotchet, is an idea that never entered into the head of any world-betterer or philanthropist. The member for the borough is therefore looked upon as a kind of speaking-machine, who may be turned on at any time or place, or upon any subject, at the pleasure of any one of the ten or twenty thousand independent electors whom it is the proudest distinction of his life to represent. The consequence is, that, except in those cases where the seat is simply bought up by overwhelming wealth, the metropolitan constituency requires not only an unscrupulous and unfastidious man, but a man who is content to give his time rather to their business than to his own. Imposing these conditions, they must expect to be served not by those who are actuated by patriotism, or even by the higher aspirations of ambition, but by politicians of a lower type. It cannot be said, however, that, in limited numbers, such representatives do any great actual harm; while, as a practical refutation of high-flown theories, their value is incalculable.

AMERICA.

THE difficulty of following the progress of the American war increases as the control of the Federal Government over the telegraph and the press becomes more complete. The people of the North are perhaps proud of the energy and originality of rulers who not only suppress disagreeable intelligence, but from time to time report the capture of Vicksburg or the occupation of Richmond. Foreigners who retain some interest in the real course of events must be content to draw their own inferences from the official narratives of the war. When an army, after commencing an offensive campaign, returns to its head-quarters in three or four days with its numbers diminished by twenty thousand men, the commemoration of its glorious successes is recognised as the American equivalent for what Europeans would regard as a calamitous defeat. Extravagant vanity, long indulged by nations or by individuals, destroys all feelings of dignity or self-respect. HOOKER and his admirers appeal to a public opinion which is unintelligible in any other country, but they cannot be accused of serious misrepresentation. PAROLLES scarcely intended to deceive his comrades when he boasted of exploits which they perfectly appreciated. It is less easy to judge of the prospects of the contending forces in remoter regions. For five months, one of the strongest Federal armies, under a General of considerable reputation, has remained idle at

Murfreesborough, and it is still uncertain whether either the Federals or the Confederates are prepared for a summer campaign in Tennessee. General BANKS seems to have done considerable damage to Southern interests in Louisiana, and he is probably now co-operating with Admiral FARRAGUT and General GRANT in a demonstration either against Vicksburg or against Port Hudson. If the Mississippi were once opened, the North might perhaps consider the advantage a sufficient compensation for the numerous reverses of the year. In the meantime, the command of the mouth of the Red River seriously interferes with the transmission of supplies from Texas. It is not impossible that Vicksburg may fall before the end of May; but if the Confederate commanders can maintain their position for a few weeks longer, they are probably safe for the remainder of the summer.

The more sanguine philanthropists who advocate Northern interests in England oppose to the prevailing incredulity of their neighbours an argument which deserves consideration. The Federal armies have, they say, occupied so considerable a section of Southern territory that the available white population of the seceding States is scarcely estimated at more than three millions. If women and children, aged persons and invalids, are deducted, only six or seven hundred thousand men of fighting age are left to defend the independence of their country. It is admitted that these champions of slavery offer some impediment to the restoration of the Union; but the amiable partisans of the North calculate that, at the recent rate of mortality, they will all be killed in two or three years. Such a consummation would, in their opinion, be cheaply purchased by the sacrifice of double the number of Federal soldiers; and of course, as the end approaches, the danger and difficulty will rapidly diminish. With the complete suppression of the wicked and unnatural rebellion, its authors and its instruments will have finally disappeared. The rising generation of the South will be educated in strictly Republican principles, and the vacant estates will be divided among the meritorious soldiers of the conquering army. The greatest danger to which the Confederate States are exposed undoubtedly arises from the comparative scantiness of their population. The wasteful and gigantic scale on which the war has been conducted by the North renders the proportion of the armies to the entire body of inhabitants by no means inconsiderable; and great countries may, in such a contest, be exhausted, as the petty Republics of Greece suffered from the loss of armies scarcely larger than modern regiments. The inability of the skilful Confederate Generals to follow up their repeated victories may probably be attributed to the necessity of economizing human life. General LEE and General JOHNSTON, even if their characters were as degraded as those of HOOKER and POPE, could not afford to sacrifice twenty thousand men without a word of regret or compunction. The South, moreover, has no Irish or German immigrants to fill up the places of combatants who have fallen in the defence of their home and country. The Federal Government is bidding in all parts of Europe for recruits, by lavish offers of land to settlers, whom it carefully renders liable to the conscription; and the English newspaper organ of the United States has for some months strenuously dissuaded emigrants from selecting any English colony in preference to the Northern States of America.

On the whole, it seems unlikely that the male population of the South will be effectually exterminated. The Federal papers assert, after every defeat, that the loss of the enemy has been enormous; but victorious troops, fighting defensive battles in a friendly country, escape many causes of excessive mortality. Before the Confederate armies are finally exterminated, Mr. LINCOLN will have retired from office, and the Democratic party may possibly have recovered sufficient courage to oppose some of the more violent Republican outrages on the Constitution. The tame politicians who acquiesce in the condemnation of Mr. VALLANDIGHAM by a court-martial, would probably exult in the opportunity, when popular opinion had changed, of trying the members of the court-martial by a jury. For the present, the Democrats, like other American factions, solace themselves by indulging in vituperation of England, as a safer and easier proof of patriotism than resistance to unconstitutional encroachments. An earlier hope of safety to the doomed Confederates is opened in the termination of the period of volunteer enlistments. It appears that the soldiers are utterly disinclined to persevere in the irksome career of arms. Some regiments, in imitation of the famous Pennsylvanians of Bull's Run, took the opportunity of retiring from the service on the field of Chancellorsville, and by this time it is not impossible that the army of the Potomac may be partially dissolved. If

the troops under General GRANT and General ROSENCRANZ are simultaneously entitled to their discharge, it is not probable that military enthusiasm will burn more fiercely on the Cumberland, or on the Mississippi, than on the Rappahannock. When Captain BOBADIL expounded his celebrated project for destroying the enemy's army in detail, he had not taken into consideration the possibility that he might himself in the meantime retire from the service. It is not impossible that the conscription may be sufficiently effective to fill up the vacant muster-rolls to a considerable extent; but raw recruits coming into collision with the comparatively veteran troops of the Confederates can only meet with disaster. The limited resources of the South involve the necessity of retaining the soldiers under their colours, and if they are opposed to untrained levies, their well-earned consciousness of superiority will rise into a just feeling of contempt. The conscripts, following another Pennsylvanian precedent, may not improbably refuse to fight when they find themselves in the presence of a dreaded enemy.

The sympathy of England for the Federal cause will certainly not be strengthened either by the mad animosity of the North against an unoffending neutral, or by the project of restoring the Union through the death of the Seceders. If it were possible to contribute by friendly interference to the termination of the war, the Government might tender its good offices to the belligerents with universal approval. The mere recognition which Mr. ROEBUCK proposes can scarcely find another supporter. If it were a simple and final measure, it would be useless to the Confederates, while it would supply the North with the desired pretext for a quarrel. One of the counts or paragraphs of the indictment against Mr. VALLANDIGHAM charged him with the expression of an opinion that peace might have been advantageously concluded on the occasion of the French offer of mediation. If, according to the law now administered in the United States, it is criminal to approve of mediation on the part of France, it would probably be a capital offence to receive an English proposal without an insulting answer. It is not worth while to encounter a rude repulse when there is no chance of a beneficial result, and the recognition of the Southern Government would furnish a more plausible excuse for irritation than a mere proposal of mediation. As long as prudence involves no dishonourable concession, it is impossible to guard too carefully against any risk of war. That the Northern Americans unanimously affect to attribute to cowardice the sincere desire of England for peace, is no reason for wavering in a policy which approves itself to every sound and instructed conscience.

THE EXHIBITION BUILDINGS.

SIR H. VERNEY, on the 19th inst., asked the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER "whether he could inform the House for what sum the building of the International Exhibition of 1862 could be purchased, with a view to convert a portion of it into a Museum or a Gallery for works of art, or some institution for the encouragement of those objects to which the late PRINCE CONSORT devoted his efforts, and to bear his name?" Mr. GLADSTONE is reported to have replied, "that he was not able to give a positive and final answer to the question." "In point of fact," he added, "those who are properly interested in the building of 1862 are the Commissioners of 1851; and those Commissioners have not yet had an opportunity of arriving at a definite conclusion on the subject. At the same time, their Finance Committee, who advise them in these matters, have had that opportunity, and on Thursday the Commissioners will themselves meet to decide the question. There have been communications with contractors and other parties; and I hope that on the day the House reassembles I shall be able to make a statement, or lay on the table some document, that will convey to the House in a distinct manner the views of HER MAJESTY'S Government in reference to this matter. Of course, should that building be required, it will be applied to such purposes as those stated generally in the question of my honourable friend." (Hear.) "The country will certainly echo that 'Hear.'" The announcement is worth attending to. On Thursday, May 21, the Commissioners met; and we see by the Court Circular that the Conscript Fathers, the Commissioners of 1851, who on that occasion received the report of their Finance Committee "who advise them in these matters," were the Dukes of BUCCLEUCH and BUCKINGHAM, the Earls GRANVILLE and DERBY, the Lords PORTMAN, OVERSTONE, and TACNTON,

Messrs. W. COWPER, MILNER GIBSON, W. E. GLADSTONE, ROBERT LOWE, Sir ALEX. SPEARMAN, Sir CHARLES EASTLAKE, Sir R. MURCHISON, Professor RAMSAY, and Mr. E. BOWRING (Secretary). It is well to put on record the names of those Commissioners who are "properly interested" in the affair. And it is now high time to announce, what is a matter of no special knowledge, that on the first opportunity the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER will propose a vote for the purchase, on the part of the nation, of the Exhibition Building of 1862, with the site on which that beautiful structure stands, and for the application of the building and site so acquired to some purpose tending to the encouragement of those objects of art and science, and so on, in the shape of Galleries, Museums, or Institutions, to which the late PRINCE CONSORT devoted his efforts—whatever all this may mean. It is quite possible that the Commissioners of 1851, having an unproductive estate on their hands, and the contractors and owners of the Exhibition Building of 1862, having an unsaleable and ruinous structure to dispose of, may have come down in their price. We were told some months ago that the whole affair would be offered as a decided bargain, and most likely a ruinous reduction has been submitted to since the first price was named. The 100,000*l.* for the rickety old leaking sheds will probably be reduced some 20,000*l.*; and the original estimate of 200,000*l.* for the site, which is said to be worth 250,000*l.*, will most likely be considerably lowered in the proposition to be submitted to Parliament. That is to say, the Commissioners of 1851, who are trustees and bound to make the most they can of their property, will propose to sell it at about half its value in order that the country may be blessed with the possession of Captain FOWKE's palace. Perhaps also little or nothing will be said about the additional 100,000*l.*, as it was originally calculated, which will be required for immediate repairs and decoration; and very likely the countless hundreds of thousands of pounds which will sooner or later be wanted for establishing or moving Museums and Galleries, and for instituting Institutions, will not even be adverted to by the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER. It is quite possible, therefore, that by due management and cooking of the revised estimate for the immediate outlay, and by preserving a convenient silence as to what will ultimately be wanted, Parliament will not be asked for more than a quarter of a million at present for the purchase of the Exhibition Buildings. The Government proposal will, we dare say, be made pleasant, and the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER will task his powers and his economical consistency in the endeavour to persuade the House of Commons, by dwelling on the nation's unpaid debts to the great interests of art and science, and by appealing to the memory of the PRINCE CONSORT's virtues, that to commence a course of expenditure which opens up the vista of future millions to be disbursed in annual charges of maintenance, is the very cheapest thing that a country, no longer ignorantly impatient of taxation, can undertake.

And, to say the truth, we are by no means sure that Parliament will not submit. First, there is the inconvenient fact that we have a surplus in the Exchequer. Many a man has been ruined by the unexpected good luck of finding a chance balance at his banker's; and what is true of a single household is true of a nation. Our superfluous cash burns our pockets. Perhaps an opera box, a new house, a new carriage, and an extra footman are very often the result of that odd three or four hundred pounds which one never thought of finding on the credit side of the bankers' book. And besides this inducement to the House of Commons to fool away the unlucky balance in Mr. GLADSTONE's hands, it must not be forgotten that it is only from independent members that the least resistance to this monstrous vote can be looked for. The two great political parties are equally compromised. The Commissioners of the Exhibition of 1851, at whose instance the vote will be proposed, comprise the leaders on both sides of the House, and the notables generally. We would willingly believe that some of the prudent and sound economists whose names appear at the meeting of the 21st of May must hesitate to defend their share in the Government proposition. But the *esprit du corps* will, it may be feared, keep them silent. When Lords GRANVILLE and DERBY, Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. DISRAELI, Mr. MILNER GIBSON and Sir R. MURCHISON are, from the nature of the case, all on one side, patriotism, common sense, common prudence, and common justice to the tax-payer will have hard work to offer the show of resistance to a scheme so formidably backed. There can be no doubt that, in their hearts, one-half of the Royal Commissioners of 1851 are thoroughly ashamed of being made parties to this shameful proposition, but we doubt whether

they will have the courage to disavow it. Such heroism is not, perhaps, to be expected of politicians. Public indignation alone can avert this scandalous job.

It is superfluous to reiterate the old arguments against purchasing Captain Fowke's building at any price. WREN's famous epitaph can alone chronicle its demerits. If it be wanted to know what the Exhibition building is, we can but say, *Circumspice*. Go and view it in its present desolation. Only imagine it applied to the uses of the galleries, museums, and institutions which Sir H. VERNEY delights to anticipate. Of all the buildings which the art or ignorance of man ever constructed, not one could be conceived so thoroughly useless for museums and galleries as this wretched structure. A museum implies large ranges of unbroken space—a gallery, by the very force of the term, implies vast flats of wall. A museum demands elastic capabilities, varying according to different proportions and elements of technical division and classification—a gallery asks for isolation and repose. In every one of these particulars the iron sheds at Brompton fail. The whole thing is a monotonous repetition of square cells, and the vistas are cut in every direction by the stiff interlacing lines of stretchers, struts, and diagonals, bracing and interlocking into each other with the sharpest angles and the most distracting cross lines. To adapt the present building to the suggested purposes would require only to gut the whole structure, and to face it, and to level the domes; for we suppose that it is not intended to hang water-colour drawings round the glass tambour, or to dangle stuffed crocodiles and ostrich's eggs where the sail-cloth was suspended. Even, therefore, if museums and galleries were wanted by the nation, the Brompton building is eminently unsuited for them. But what is meant by museums and galleries? Parliament, public opinion, and the Reports of various Commissions have decided against removing the National Gallery and the British Museum into these shabby suburbs. If it is intended to remove our existing collections—though at present it is premature and inconvenient to proclaim the intention—then the forthcoming proposition is dishonest as well as absurd, for it does not avow its real purpose. Or if what is proposed is to buy more pictures, more statues, more specimens, only because we have a huge lumber-room empty, swept and garnished, this, besides involving reckless extravagance, will make us the laughing-stock of Europe. And surely the veriest glutton in works of Art, Science, and Industry might be satiated by the huge *omnium gatherum* of things, good, bad, and indifferent, which are already collected at the very next door to the proposed new galleries and new museums. The gentleman who has emerged from the humble usefulness of FELIX SUMMERLY to the dignity of C.B., and perpetual secretary and superintendent of so many departments, and curator of so much art, such encyclopædic science, and such various industry, might be content with his honours, his salary, and his mansion, without sighing for sixteen acres more of museum to organize and to be paid for. Great as is our love for art and science, even art and science, like gold, can be bought too dear; and too dear art and science certainly are when their sacred names are only brought into the market for the benefit of successful adventurers and for the encouragement of jobbery yet unborn. Fresh fields and pastures new for our COLE to cultivate at the cost of a quarter of a million down, and an annual outlay of (say) 50,000*l.* for ever, are luxuries too expensive even for a nation with an accidental surplus in the Exchequer. It is high time to review the whole system of South Kensington, and to test its value, not by the statistics of the *demi-monde* of Brompton, who lounge about its gratuitous galleries, but by its services to art, and trade, and manufacture—not by the evidence of its officers and staff, but by common sense and experience. We much doubt whether any more institutions for education in art are wanted. Mechanics' Institutes have degenerated into mere clubs; Schools of Art hardly exist; the Crystal Palace is something between a concert-room and a tea garden; and yet the country is to be asked for several hundreds of thousands of pounds, just to begin with, and to give the first start to another institution, whose only purpose will be to supply salaries to lecturers and curators, and to give commissions to collectors. If this country has got more money than it knows what to do with, and if we are in arrears to Art, let us adorn what we have got—complete Trafalgar Square, rearrange the decorations of Hyde Park Corner, finish those triumphal arches, add a quadriga to the Marble Arch, remember the Nelson Monument, give a thought and a grant to Westminster Abbey, keep our public monuments clean and in good repair. And when we have done all this, even Mr. COWPER may find

something better for his energies than to push the grant of a quarter of a million for another instalment of the Boilers. Or, if we wish to do something for Science, the British Museum is not so very complete, the Schools of Mines and Geology are not so entirely gorged with public money, nor are scientific men so liberally rewarded by the State, that we need go out of our way for bubble projects in which to bury our abounding gold. Above all things, let us be on our guard against the establishment of any Industrial University, or any other Laputa of pretence, shallowness, and jobbery. It will be time enough to find berths for scheming artists and speculators in science, falsely so called, when the Income-tax is extinct; and we hope that Parliament will inform the Government that such is the opinion of the tax-payers of England.

One observation we must make, and we shall make it with the utmost conciseness. If the PRINCE CONSORT's name is to be introduced as backing the Government proposition, we must pronounce it to be downright cruelty to his respected memory. There is not the slightest evidence that he ever wanted the nation to purchase the Exhibition Building of 1862, or that he thought it well fitted for any institution whatever. And this for the best of all reasons—that he did not live to see Captain Fowke's iron house built or opened. And if it is desired to do dishonour to his great name, or to impair the reverence which is felt for his memory, such sad results can only be attained by connecting his pretended wishes—wishes which he never expressed or embodied—with a proposition as recklessly and immodestly extravagant as regards the national finances, as it is unblushingly impudent as regards private ends and selfish interests.

ITALY.

NOTHING could bring before us more vividly how much has happened in Italy within a very short space of time than the simple fact that the session of the Italian Parliament which has just closed began in the lifetime of CAVOUR. The KING, in his opening address at the beginning of the new session, while paying a tribute to CAVOUR's memory, and expressing simply and forcibly the sorrow with which Italy mourns the loss of the statesman to whom she owes her new life, was able to point with pride and confidence to the great results that have been achieved since he and his Parliament were left without a master-mind to guide them. A Royal speech only notices general results. It does not weigh one little detail against another, and explain away all that captious criticism could suggest against the policy of the Crown. And if general results are attended to, and the only legitimate issue is raised, and it is asked whether Italy has gone forwards or backwards in the last two years, VICTOR EMMANUEL may well be proud of the subjects over whom he rules, and the cause to which he has attached himself. Four years ago, Italy had no soldiers except the few admirably disciplined troops that Piedmont could send into the field, and the levies of volunteers into whom GARIBALDI had breathed his love of enterprise and his intense devotion to his country. Now, Italy has at least a quarter of a million of men under arms, well trained, knit together by love for their country, and sure to do their duty against any enemy, however formidable. The country is rapidly growing rich, and every day sees new channels of communication opened. A railway runs in Middle Italy into the heart of the Apennines, and in Northern Italy into the heart of the Alps. Freedom has everywhere brought life with it; and the population is bursting, as out of a long sleep, into a new and happy existence. The finances, certainly, are a subject of deep anxiety. Italy, with resources almost boundless, finds it difficult to pay her way. But if the difficulty is looked fairly in the face, it may be overcome, for the natural wealth of Italy is very great, and the recognised public debt is comparatively small. No sign could be more hopeful than that the Ministry should have advised the KING to refer boldly to the financial embarrassment of the country, and have invited the Chamber to consider anxiously the best means of escape. It is in this way that the dangers threatening Italy have hitherto been overcome. A national army was wanted to ensure independence, and as this want has been publicly recognised, the requisite army has been created, and now exists as the best of guarantees for the independence of Italy. Brigandage has been openly deplored and firmly encountered, and brigandage is now a social nuisance, rather than the fountain of a perpetual political sore.

Of course it is easy to find fault, and any critic who had refused to look at general results, and whose mind was intent on minor details, might have lit on many points of successful

attack. There are sad sights to see in Italy, and there are signs of woe and dismay to listen to in Italy, although so much has been done. And if the judgment is once overborne, and a willingness is shown to dwell on all that the enemies of Italy have to say against her, material for ill-natured gossip is procurable in abundance. Lord HENRY LENNOX knows by this time how much it is considered that a hasty, well-meaning, credulous Englishman can be got to believe. It is not very creditable to the English Parliament that it should be made to hear so many perversions of fact as were submitted to it through this channel. Lord HENRY has been convicted of a much greater amount of inaccuracy than could have been expected. A very slight degree of care would have saved him from such blunders as the alleged interference of the Government with the press, and a simple question would have shielded him from the triumphant boldness with which he described the suppression of the *Perseveranza* of Milan. But it is only by a kind of happy accident that he stumbled into errors where he was so easily discredited. He might have told many true things of Italy over which the friends of Italy may well mourn. The seed of evil sown so steadily for years in Naples is still bringing forth its fruit; and if malice asks, not how much bad has been cleared away, but how much still remains, the account is still a very heavy one. But, in Italy, the mistake made by Lord HENRY LENNOX could not easily be repeated. The Italians know what Naples was, and what it is. They can remember the rule of the Bourbons, and can estimate all that was to be done and that has been done. The KING spoke as if the Government were succeeding in the South as well as in the North, and no one who understands Italy can quarrel with what he says.

It is some time since VICTOR EMMANUEL took any prominent part in public business, and the opening of the present Session seemed to have recalled to the mind of Italy how much she owes to her Sovereign. All observers of Italian affairs agree as to the greatness of the service which the KING has rendered the country. VICTOR EMMANUEL is not a clever man or a great man. He has no political genius, nor any deep policy, nor any very high tastes. He is simply a blunt, coarse, jovial, brave man. But he has qualities which are invaluable to Italy at present. His strong love of enterprise, his brilliant personal courage, his fondness for every active exercise furnish a model which at once stimulates and delights a population so long accustomed to indolence as that of Italy. It is a great gain to a young army that its head should have the precise qualities which a private soldier ought to have. The KING can endure every hardship, and is content with any fare. He loves the reality and the stern excitement, and not the trappings and parade of war. He is affectionate, loyal, and true. Having once determined that if he were sovereign of Italy, the Italy over which he reigned should be free, and having accepted without reserve the system of Parliamentary government, he has never wavered in his choice, and has done patiently and faithfully all that he could to build up the fabric of political liberty. Nor is it possible that he should have passed the last three or four years without having often had to sacrifice his personal wishes and to do much that was painful and even repulsive to him. But having Ministers about him legally appointed in the ordinary course of Parliamentary government, he has given them fair play, and has never stood between them and the nation. Italy has recognised his sincerity as well as his courage; and although he is by no means a model Sovereign, yet the Italians are reasonably jealous of the honour of a KING who has identified his fortunes with those of his country, and has always been upright and singleminded. There is nothing which Italians resent so much as anything like an attack on VICTOR EMMANUEL, and no political sentiment is stronger in Italy than that of gratitude and a rough affection to the Head of the House of SAVOY.

A spirit of cheerful confidence breathed through the KING's speech. There was no boasting, no rash defiance, no empty assertion of imaginary rights. The country is being taught to be patient, and to expect that patience will bring with it all that Italy longs for. Time, and peace, and steady government will do all for Italy that can be done. Obviously, her position keeps getting gradually better, and if financial embarrassment is avoided there is no saying how soon the aims so dear to Italian hearts may be attained. The first political necessity of the country is tranquillity in the South, and the KING was able to announce that a great step had been gained towards restoring peace and prosperity to Naples. The French are apparently tired of bearing the odium which attaches to their connivance at the issuing of bands of

brigands from the Roman territories. They have been brought to see that as the brigandage has produced no decisive political effect, and as its history is perfectly known, they incur the shame of befriending robbers and cut-throats without any corresponding advantage. No one can doubt that if the French General in command at Rome received positive instructions to suppress brigandage and to let no more bands of marauders sally forth from the territories of the POPE, there would soon be no more brigands in Naples than there are in Lombardy. They are quite free to act as they please, for they alone rule at Rome, and they certainly would not leave to the Pontifical troops the execution of any project on the success of which they were really bent. Whether Italy is nearer getting Rome than she was, is a much larger and obscurer question. But it is to be observed that, much as has been said in France about the identification of the interests of France with those of the Papacy, yet no one, even in the heat of an election contest, tries to make capital out of this. The opponents of the Government, who refer in terms of open condemnation to the Mexican expedition, and seem confident that popular sympathy is with them when they do so, are silent about Rome, and do not seem to feel any security in attacking, on behalf of the Church, a Government which has certainly kept the POPE on his throne, but has done so in a manner that has made zealous Catholics shudder. There is no sign of any deep feeling in France about the POPE, and so it is probable that, if Italy goes on quietly winning respect and taking a considerable place in the councils of Europe, France may in time leave Italy to bring about an arrangement with the Papacy that may satisfy the Italians, and, perhaps, turn out tolerably well for the Papacy itself.

POLAND.

AN intelligent English writer, really and ostensibly devoted to Russia, has recently attempted to stem the general current of sympathy for Poland. It is perfectly fair that both sides of the question should be fully considered, and that an enthusiasm which is naturally not always well informed should be subjected to critical examination. The Continental advocates of Russian interests have long been in the habit of urging the same arguments and apologies which are now produced for the information of Englishmen. They maintain that the bulk of the Polish population has, from time immemorial, been oppressed, not by a foreign conqueror, but by the indigenous aristocracy which has organized the present insurrection. The peasantry, they say, is by some ethnologists supposed to belong to the Russian branch of the Slavonic race, and its total indifference to the demand for independence proves that the malcontents form but a minority in their own country. The institution of serfdom has at last been boldly assailed by ALEXANDER II.; and, according to the Russian version, the landowners have risen, not against oppression, but against the decrees which are to liberate their dependents. It might seem to follow that the successive partitions of Poland have been dictated by a wise benevolence, and probably the acts of CATHERINE are still admired and applauded by Russian pamphleteers when they address their own countrymen. To gain the ear of Western Europe, however, and especially of England, it is necessary to speak of the measures of 1772 and 1793 in conventional terms of censure. It is sufficient for the purpose to assert that the only hope of Poland is now to be found in the protective benevolence of Russia. The relaxation of the tyranny of NICHOLAS, the appointment of Poles to the chief provincial offices, and, above all, the project of emancipation, are cited as proofs of the Imperial goodness and of Polish perversity; nor is it forgotten that the author of the conscription, which it is not convenient openly to defend, was himself a Pole of influence and ability.

Perhaps a few theoretical politicians may be puzzled by objections which have a certain show of colour from remote or recent history. It is true that the old Polish Government was intolerably bad, that the franchises of the Republic belonged to the nobility alone, and that the peasants retain the selfishness and disaffection of a servile population. Appeals to numerical majorities are forcible instruments of delusion. If the democrats of France and England could be convinced that the Russians are the friends of the Polish people, they might acquiesce in the ruin of the aristocracy which keeps alive the very existence of the nation. Fortunately, popular feeling, if it is not uniformly amenable to reason, possesses the corresponding merit of being comparatively impervious to sophistry. To the great body of Englishmen, Poland is simply a victim of robbery and of

tyranny, engaged in a just and sacred struggle with a usurping and alien Government. A sound instinct teaches that political and social differences are, in a revolutionary crisis, to be kept subordinate to the national cause. The beneficent institutions which were found not incompatible with the project of kidnapping the flower of the Polish youth are scarcely likely to receive a dispassionate or favourable examination; nor is the present a fitting time for curious inquiry into the origin or the social rank of the heroic champions of national independence. Poland is truly represented, not by the stunted boors who watch the conflict from afar, but by the gentry, the farm servants, the students, and the artisans, who keep a mighty army at bay without resources and almost without arms. Even the mysterious Committee which issues its commands from the citadel of Russian power at Warsaw impresses the general imagination by its formidable influence. It is possible that a popular judgment may be fundamentally erroneous, but when it is substantially right it offers a robust and wholesome resistance to ingenious quibbles. Englishmen are perfectly aware that there is always something to be said for a wrongful cause, and that the most stubborn facts in skilful hands acquire a convenient suppleness. If they are not at leisure to investigate the history of the present condition of Poland, they know that the insurgents are fighting against heavy odds, for a cause which can scarcely be identical with the maintenance or revival of serfdom. Those who inquire a little farther reasonably suspect the Russian version of events, and they are wholly indifferent to ethnological deductions. It was scarcely for the benefit of the community, and for the advance of civilization, that the Cossacks cut down the inhabitants of Warsaw during religious processions. The conscription, even if it had proceeded from the wisest and kindest of Governments, was nevertheless an atrocious act.

It is utterly false that the insurgent leaders are opposing the complete emancipation of the peasantry. The Russian authorities have delayed the concession of freedom on the part of the landowners for the express purpose of reserving to themselves the credit of the inevitable boon. It is absurd to represent the rising of Poland as an effort to restore the institutions of the eighteenth century. Long after the partition, predial servitude existed in almost every country of the Continent, and it has only yesterday been abolished in Russia. It never occurred to CATHERINE and her accomplices that, in tyrannizing over the Polish gentry, they were raising the condition of the people. As little was it their wish to improve the anarchical Constitution which they, on the contrary, expressly and officiously guaranteed. Polish patriots, although they were too late to avert the danger, were nevertheless engaged in the promotion of necessary reforms when the experiment was violently terminated by the usurping foreigner. The leaders of the present day have, as the Russians well know, not the smallest intention of reviving the tumultuous Diet with its elective King. The more moderate of their number would have been willing even to accept the dynasty of ROMANOFF, if their country had been restored to its integral and independent existence. Like the Hungarians of 1848, they have anticipated the insidious liberality of the enemy by promising to all classes complete immunity from social oppression, and a due share in the control of the Government. In every sense they are the rightful agents of that part of the population which is still too degraded to value the welfare or the honour of the nation. In such a country as Poland, the opinion of the towns is properly respected as the expression of the national desires. The enthusiastic sympathy for the insurrection which prevails in Cracow might of itself confute the misrepresentations of Russian partisans.

Unfortunately, the hopefulness of the Polish struggle is by no means proportionate to its justice. The well-devised atrocity of the first and second partitions still guarantees the principal offender against the effective opposition of Prussia and Austria. England is far off, and the policy of France is doubtful. The announcement that the three Powers which profess good-will to the Poles were inclined to act in concert, was equivalent to a declaration that no serious resistance would be offered to Russia. England is determined henceforth to abstain from all needless wars, and Austria necessarily stops short of measures which might invalidate the title to Galicia. It is possible that, after all, France may act alone, for the sake of obtaining an indemnity at the expense of Prussia; but, on the whole, it seems probable that Russia will be unopposed, and it may be feared that against the enormous armies of the Empire the insurgents will be powerless. If the revolt is suppressed, the Emperor ALEXANDER may perhaps express or feel a disposition to remedy some of the administrative evils which have been found intolerable; but

a new feeling of animosity has sprung up between Poland and Russia, and the experiment of reconciliation has failed when it was tried under more favourable conditions. Observing the inextricable difficulty of the question, some political speculators have hit upon the happy device of a new partition. Eastern Galicia is to be given to Russia in exchange for a part of the Kingdom of Poland, and the remainder of the Northern provinces is to fall to the share of Prussia. The project, though it will not be seriously proposed, illustrates the unsound and temporary nature of the present distribution of territory. It would not be too much to say that no Government has a moral right to the allegiance of subjects whom it is willing to cast off in consideration of an adequate equivalent. The new partition, if for no other reason, would be impracticable, because it would require the consent of Europe.

THE TWO GENERAL ORDERS.

THE difference which from the first was observable in the style of the Presidents of the rival sections in America appears to extend in full force to their subordinates. If anything, the contrast is more violent in the Generals than in the Presidents. Mr. LINCOLN's confused grammar and blundering metaphors compared unfavourably enough with the scholarlike ease of Mr. DAVIS's composition; and in all his troubles, he has shown nothing of that calm imperturbable confidence in a holy cause which distinguished the address of the Southern President after the disasters which followed the surrender of Fort Donnellson. Yet Mr. LINCOLN's manifestoes were the composition of an honest man, endowed with at least a certain amount of self-respect. They are utterly unworthy to be mentioned in the same breath with the literary effort with which General HOOKER has just astounded the world. Richly as the Northern armies are provided with professors in the art of impudent braggadocio, there is probably not one of them besides "fighting Joe" who would have conceived the bright idea of complimenting his army, just halted from a secret midnight flight after three bloody defeats, upon "the celerity and secrecy of their movements," or who would have informed them that, by running back across the river to avoid another battle, "the army had given renewed evidence of its confidence in itself." There is something inimitably fine in the bold language in which he announces the determination of his soldiers "to decline battle" "whenever their interest or honour may command it," as if that were the particular exercise of military discretion in regard to which General LEE was likely to make an attempt to force their inclinations. So long as declining battle means running away, it is probable that the Confederates will give them every facility for fulfilling their magnanimous resolution, and, lest they should falter, will even assist it by an extraneous impulse from behind. There is something, too, that is worthy of admiration in the "new laurels" which the Federal army is said to have added to its former renown. The achievements out of which these laurels grow consist of "having made long marches, crossed rivers, surprised the enemy in his entrenchments, and, wherever they fought, inflicted heavier blows than those they received." The last assertion is strictly untrue, and, if it had been true, would have made their hasty flight only more inexcusable still. The other achievements, "of making long marches" "and crossing rivers," have probably never before in the history of the world been made the subjects of a commanding officer's felicitations, especially when they ended in a midnight flight. But the finest touch of all is the sentimental reflection—"The events of the last week may well cause the heart of every officer and soldier of the army to swell with pride." To address such a congratulation to an army which, after having been told that the enemy's forces were its "legitimate property," was again and again beaten and cut to pieces by those forces, and was ultimately obliged to creep back across the Rappahannock in the darkness of a stormy night, strewing the bridges over which it passed with twigs, lest the rebel army which was its "property" should hear the footsteps of its owners running away—to tell such a tale to such an army betokens a Quixotism of impudence which leaves the imaginary creations of FALSTAFF, PAROLLES, and BORADIL deep in the shade. To be the most reckless and shameless braggart on the American Continent is a great distinction, and General HOOKER appears to have fully earned it.

If a foil had been needed to set off his merits, General LEE's modest, concise, straightforward announcement of his victory is the best that could have been devised. The difference between the two is at first sight not

very easy to account for. The men who, as Confederates, are so simple and dignified in their language, were officials of the old United States in its most braggart days. The sudden transference of all the defects that marked the compositions of the old administration, from the party that was in power to the party that was not, is somewhat of an enigma. On both sides, the language is presumably selected according to the known predilections of those to whom it is addressed. It is difficult to understand why the South should have been so tolerant of brag formerly, and is apparently so impatient of it now. Something of the difference must probably be imputed to the different weight with which the hardships of war have fallen upon the two contending parties. Bombast and real self-sacrifice are scarcely compatible. The realities of a war of independence come home too closely to those who wage it to suffer them to be patient of official flattery. They know they must face the worst, whatever it may be; and they refuse to endure in addition the uncertainties which mistrust engenders.

But this literary contrast between the productions of their chiefs indicates another more important difference between the two Confederacies. It shows that the war-spirit is instinctive in the one, and to a great extent artificial in the other. In the South, men are fighting for all that makes life worth having. If they yield, their soil will be taken from them; they will be themselves slaughtered or exiled, or, at least, reduced to beggary, and their wives and daughters will be placed at the disposition of a soldiery to whose brutality it would be hard to find a parallel. A people with such a prospect before them do not need to have their valour fed upon artificial victories. No news, however bad, is likely to shake their resolve. The worst that can happen to them in the field, while they sustain the contest, is a light matter compared to what would happen to them in their own homes as soon as the contest was given up. The Northerners, on the other hand, fighting, not for independence, but for empire, have no such motives to teach them to endure. They are pursuing a sentiment—an ambitious dream. If it should fail, life will be very nearly as enjoyable as it was before. They can return to the worship of the dollar with a zest scarcely abated by the reflection that their old Southern customers are not so easily fleeced as heretofore. It is hardly to be expected of them that they will be able to sustain their enthusiasm in the face of avowed disaster. Matters must be softened to them, defeats must be explained away, the prospects of projected movements painted to them in the fairest colours. If they were allowed to see the disastrous history of their own efforts as it unfolds itself, and to recognise the marvellous incompetence of the soldiers and lawyers who rule them, they might shrink from offering, to a cause which is not one of self-preservation, a yet larger sacrifice of blood and wealth.

Perhaps, however, the truest explanation of General HOOKER's mendacious bragging is that he, like every other public man in the Northern States, is on a canvass all the time. There is scarcely one of them but has an eye to the next Presidential election, and therefore every public document they issue is tainted with the coarse dishonesty which in England we are accustomed to associate with electioneering speeches. General McCLELLAN's "strategic movements," and General HOOKER's "new laurels" are merely audacious attempts to disguise reverses which, in their naked deformity, might damage a Presidential canvass; and they trust to the fact, well known to all who have to deal with popular assemblages, that first impressions, even if afterwards demonstrated to be false, retain their hold with a tenacity which is not easily overcome. The Confederates are, in this respect, favoured by their very troubles. There is nothing at present in the President's chair at Richmond to excite any extravagant ambition. Their leaders consequently can afford to be honest. They are under no temptation to conciliate an unreflecting mob by mendacious boasts. They address themselves, therefore, solely to the educated opinion to which all men pay regard; and in that is satisfied, they are content.

THE PIETY OF CRIMINALS.

THERE is scarcely any psychological phenomenon more curious than the frequent association of great crime with some sort of religious feeling. Of course, there are brutal and hardened men who have shaken off all fear both of this world and the next, and others who have no notion that what we call crime is anything very wrong. An Irishman, for example, who shoots a man from behind a hedge for a sovereign has, perhaps, no more compunction than a Turk who marries a second wife. Murder and polygamy, according to certain rules and within certain limits, are part of the customs of the countries in which they live. There is no feeling in such

men which has anything in common with religious feeling. They are only acting in the way of business. Nor is the sham religious excitement got out of adroit prisoners by enthusiastic and facile chaplains or philanthropists at all wonderful. There, too, the criminal is doing a bit of business. But what is well worth examining is, that among those who are not professional criminals, but who commit some one great crime, or combine a series of crimes with the occupations of everyday life, there is often a proneness to connect religion in some way with their crime; and they not unfrequently have a religious life going on by the side of their crime, as if they were two men accidentally joined. This is not hypocrisy. Of all vices, hypocrisy, in the sense in which the word is generally used, is the rarest. It is commonly taken to mean the conscious simulation of piety in order to conceal wickedness. This is not the sense in which it is used in the New Testament. There it means the honest clinging to the letter of religion when the spirit is dead. And this is one of the very commonest failings of men. But the conscious simulation of piety is very rare. Most people who take any trouble about religion at all have some genuine religious feeling; and the religious thoughts on which criminals dwell are those which arise naturally in their hearts. This possibility of the union of religion and crime in the soul is one of the most frightful burdens of humanity, when the soul in which it is found is of a profound and sensitive nature, and in all cases it is astonishing and instructive.

In the narratives of foreign trials which Mr. Senior has lately published, some curious instances may be found to illustrate the extraordinary shapes which the piety of criminals sometimes assumes. Those who have read the book will easily recall to their minds the story of the priest Riembauer. He had been a remarkably diligent, clever, studious youth, and gained honours of every kind. But after his vows of celibacy were taken, he felt the force of a temptation that was too strong for him, and formed a connexion with a woman of low rank. After a time, she importuned him for money, and to get rid of her he killed her. Years afterwards, this murder was discovered, and he was arrested. After the usual amount of quiet torturing customary in Germany, he confessed, and he gave his version of the whole proceeding. Among other things, he explained his moral state, and made especial reference to the teaching of a certain Jesuit, named Sattler, who has enlightened Bavaria with a certain treatise on *Christian Ethics* in six large volumes. In this work Sattler laid down the principle that "it is lawful to deprive another of life if that be the only means of preserving honour and reputation. For honour is more valuable than life, and if it be lawful to protect one's life by destroying an assailant, it must obviously be lawful to use similar means to protect one's honour." Riembauer thought over this doctrine, and attached some weight to it; but when the time came for him to decide whether he thought most of his honour or of another person's life, he felt in a very curious way with regard to Sattler and his ethical discovery. As he says, when describing the act of murder, "Perplexity for the present, and terror for the future, horror at the necessity of acting on Sattler's principle, and inability to find any other means of extrication, so confused me that I hardly knew what I was about." He treats Sattler's principle as if it had a sort of existence of its own and drove him forward. He is horrified at having to act as Sattler recommends, and yet he does so act; and he evidently derived some kind of comfort from thinking that his case came within a rule in the correctness of which he did not believe. This is a strange moral complication. He sincerely thought Sattler's principle very ingenious, but he also knew perfectly well that there was a flaw in it. Yet when he was tempted to take advantage of Sattler's ingenuity, he did so. If stated plainly, his course of action was this—he saw Sattler was wrong, but when he wanted to commit a murder, he treated Sattler's principle as a thing independent of himself, to which he was reluctantly obliged to make a concession. This confession appears to us to throw much light on the mental state in which religion is compatible with crime. For the criminal was, in this case, able to have two distinct lines of morality. He had a self that saw through Sattler, and a self that was obliged, as it were, to let Sattler score a point against him. This double moral existence was a reality in him, and no one who reads the narrative can suppose that he was merely pretending to be under the influence of Sattler's teaching. It is much in the same way that religion has an indisputable hold of many minds that yet do not shrink from great crimes. They have a religious and also a criminal consciousness which they never lose.

But there is also another kind of the piety of criminals, which is found in minds of a much lower type. Sometimes criminals, from brutal ignorance, from total want of reflection, and from the habit of hearing all human life spoken of in religious language and with reference to the guidance of Providence, come really to confuse what they do with what God does. Their petty objects and aims are the wishes of God, and whatever they plan is supposed to be inspired by Heaven. Not that they have any theory about this world and the next, or see themselves as the depositaries of any special revelation or as agents in a divine system. They are not fanatics—they are merely incapable of seeing in religion something that is superior to them, and distinct from them and their thoughts. Mr. Senior tells the story of a Holsteiner named Ramcke who tried in the dead of the night to murder a poor woman who lived near him, and to whom he was bound to pay an annuity. He set fire to her house, and then went in, killed her child, and began hacking her to pieces, and this is his own account of his

performance:—"I cannot tell why I set fire to the house, except that God ordered me. God ordained that I should come to Halstenbeck. I am a thoroughly kind man—perhaps hot—but it soon goes off, and I am kind again. I did it in a heat. I did not intend to do it with the hatchet, but with a cord. God willed that I should kill the mother and the child with the hatchet; it was a much greater wickedness; the cord would have given her less pain." Perhaps it would be absurd to speak of this man as having any approach to piety; but, at the same time, there is no reason to suppose that he was consciously affecting to ascribe to the will of God what he knew came from his own wickedness. He was not pretending. It came natural to him to describe any action of a more important kind than usual as being directed by God. Where a man more accustomed to accuracy of thought and language would have said that he felt a strong impulse, or was seized with a sudden desire, this brutal German clodhopper said he was prompted by God. Much of the piety of criminals is substantially of the same sort. They cannot look at religion and God as apart from themselves. Criminals like Riembauer have a religious self and a criminal self always melting into each other, but never lost in each other. Criminals like Ramcke have no such double existence. Their minds have all the simplicity of gross barbarism, and their religion becomes merely a kind of mode in which they regard and speak of their own acts. It would be very rash to say that these two are the only types of criminals who mix up piety or the language of piety with their crime; but we may safely say that they are among the most prominent and the most instructive.

Criminals who do not belong to the criminal class by profession are merely people for the most part just like their neighbours, but who are more susceptible of temptation, and are not capable of restraining themselves. Every one placed in the range of temptation, and of a character not unusually strong, is on the brink of crime. Therefore, it is of the utmost importance to know what it is that keeps from crime. Religious principle will keep from crime, of course; but religious principle implies a habit of mind obtained by great, constant, and successful effort. But most people who, in quiet times, may reasonably be thought to have religious principle, show, when great trials come, either that they have, like Riembauer, two lives, the religious and the natural, going on side by side in them, or else that, like Ramcke, they have merely taught themselves to clothe their own actions and wishes in religious phraseology. And a clear perception of the relations of piety or pious language to crime will greatly modify our views of the mode in which criminals are to be treated. Much of the piety of detected criminals, during the term of punishment, is purely hypocritical. The criminal is paid so much in the way of comfort to use certain phrases, and he uses them. He learns to talk religion in order to get better things to eat, or to get sooner out of prison, just as, if he were a clever rogue, he might learn French in order to forge a French bill of exchange. But it would be very harsh and unreasonable to suppose that all the penitence of criminals is insincere. Their penitence may be as sincere—that is, as little feigned consciously—as their piety or pious language was in the days of free action. A criminal of the Riembauer type finds himself in prison; he is withdrawn from the range of temptation; he is depressed, sad, and meditative; his religious life begins to make itself felt more strongly, and for the time overpowers his natural life. A criminal of the Ramcke type wants to please his jailers; he wants to get comfort and a shortened time of imprisonment; and he puts his new wishes into the religious phraseology in which he clothed his old ones. But if they were let out, Riembauer might easily find himself again under the painful necessity of adopting Sattler's principle, and Ramcke might again feel that the good God ordained he should set fire to his neighbour's house, and use a hatchet where his own kind heart suggested that a cord would be preferable. This does not at all show that no effort should be made to improve criminals. It is better that they should go through the prison style of reformation than that they should go through none. But it shows that society may make itself very comfortable about punishing them, and need have no scruple in making such excellent creatures lead a very disagreeable existence as a warning to others.

THE LANDESGEMEINDE OF URI.

THE time when most English travellers visit Switzerland was certainly not chosen with the view of studying the local institutions of the country. The Federal Councils, indeed, commonly sit in July, and may therefore be seen by those who pass through Berne in that month. At the same time, we should like very much to have a report of the proportion of English visitors to Berne who ever trouble themselves to think whether there be such a thing as a Federal Council at all. But the place to see what is most purely and distinctly Swiss—that to which no other land can supply a parallel—must not be looked for in Berne or Zürich, or any other of the greater Cantons. Nor must it be looked for at any of the times most familiar to summer tourists and Righi-climbers. The Federal Council and the Councils of the great Cantons are representative assemblies, and all representative assemblies must have many features in common. If a man wishes to see a political sight wholly different from anything which can be seen anywhere else, he must betake himself to the smaller Cantons in the months of April and May. Let him go, for instance, to Atdorf, in the Canton of Uri, on the first Sunday in

May. He will there see something utterly unlike all that he has ever seen before, but something which, if he had gone there a thousand years ago, he would probably have seen in essentially the same form in which he may see it now. These small Cantons are the oldest and purest Republics in the world, and they are most probably the oldest Governments in Europe. Their institutions are strictly immemorial. They can be traced back as far as the people can be traced back at all. When the mountaineers established their freedom against Austria in the fourteenth century, the struggle was not for the acquisition of anything new, but for the retention of what even then was ancient. There is, in fact, every reason to believe that these Cantons have simply preserved the immemorial constitution of all the Teutonic tribes, which everywhere else has been improved or perverted into something else. It is in Uri, Unterwalden, and the other purely democratic Cantons, that we must look for the truest representatives of the Germans of Tacitus.

The words Democracy and Sovereign People have a very different meaning in Uri from what they have at New York. At New York they are, after all, metaphors; in Uri they are literal truths. In a representative constitution, even of the most unrestricted kind, the legal powers of the people can, after all, be only indirectly exercised. They elect the law-makers, but they do not themselves make the law. But, in Uri, *Demos* is really sovereign, without any figure of speech at all. In the Landsgemeinde, the Popular Assembly, the *Landsgemeinde* of the Canton, every male citizen of the age of twenty has a vote. And a vote in Uri does not mean merely a voice in the election of representative legislators, or even of executive magistrates. The Landsgemeinde is a primary assembly; the people itself makes the laws, as well as chooses those who are to administer them. It is a sovereign body, knowing, in its own proper walk, no superior on earth. While the nominal rights of the Empire lasted, the Landsgemeinde of Uri knew no superior but Cæsar. It is now absolutely independent in all matters within its own province—that is, in all matters which the existing Federal Constitution does not expressly entrust to the Federal power.

Uri, then, and the other Cantons which retain the same primeval constitution, are far more democratic than the most democratic State in America. But the democracy is of a very different kind. The one is old, the other is new; the one is traditional, the other is theoretical. In Uri, Conservatism and Democracy mean the same thing. The innovator, the revolutionist, would be he who should propose to introduce monarchy, or aristocracy, or democracy of the stereotyped kind. Such a democracy is consistent with all those traditional feelings—reverence for antiquity, respect for law and authority—which are sometimes thought to be inconsistent with democracy in its newer and more vivacious forms. Of all places in the world, a small rural democracy of this kind is that in which ancient beliefs and feelings are most reverently cherished, and where the wisdom of our forefathers is most devoutly worshipped. Where all power is legally in the hands of the people, there is less likelihood or pretext for any illegal action on their part. Where, once in the year, the whole nation acts the part of a Parliament, it has the less excuse for ever acting the part of a mob during the interval. And this sort of democracy is not inconsistent with a large influence on the part of a sort of natural aristocracy. In so small a community, capacities, *Fähigkeiten*, are, as our informant—himself a Senator of the Republic—told us, but few. Offices are unpaid, or very slenderly paid (the Landammann or Chief Magistrate receives 300 francs a-year), so that they are not sought after by needy adventurers, such as those who have made the name of "politician" a by-word in some other commonwealths. The magistracies fall naturally into the hands of such men of birth, substance, or education as the little republic contains. Re-election is the rule rather than the exception. This is aristocracy, in the true sense of the word, as distinguished from its counterfeit, oligarchy. Magistrates elected for a year by the people, and responsible at the end of that year to the people, cannot venture to act otherwise than as the people's natural leaders, having no wishes or feelings different from theirs. Aristotle remarked long ago on the happy union of aristocracy and democracy in those commonwealths where all power was vested in the people, where all men had equal rights and were equally eligible to every office, but where, through the smallness of the community and the unpaid nature of the offices, they commonly fell to the lot of the natural chiefs of the commonwealth. Such a tempered and modified democracy seems to have been retained, for more centuries than one can count, among the simple mountaineers of Uri.

Such a democracy as this is quite consistent with all external respect for authority, and with that love of external show and ceremony which, in a moderate degree, is always useful and healthy, but which modern democracy is generally anxious to get rid of. The men of Uri would have no sympathy at all with those English corporations which welcomed the era of Municipal Reform by selling their maces and stripping their aldermen of their gowns. The democrat of the city often thinks it his highest boast that he is as good a man as the chief magistrate of his State. The democrat of the mountains, like an old Roman plebeian, will have no chief magistrate but one of his own choosing, but when he has chosen him, he is as ready as the old Roman plebeian to give him lictors to march before him, and to uncover to him as he passes by. The yearly procession of the Landsgemeinde is a spectacle surrounded with as much pomp and ceremony as the little community of Uri can supply. At eleven o'clock on the first Sunday

in May, the sovereign people and its magistrates assemble in the square of Altdorf, the small capital of that small State. Let not British scrupulousness be offended at the day and hour. The simple piety of the mountains believes that the better the day the better the deed, and the early habits of the people allow of every religious duty being performed some hours before insular Protestantism thinks of leaving its pillow. Some time before the appointed hour, groups of citizens may be seen gathered together, apparently engaged in earnest discussion of the affairs of the Republic. But all is perfectly quiet and orderly; there is not a sight or a sound to which the most scrupulous could object. As the hour draws nearer, things begin to get more lively. The little army of the Canton marches up in gallant array, the band playing as it passes through the streets, and takes up its position on the square. With what different feelings does one look upon them from the instruments of selfish ambition at which one shudders in the streets of every town in France! These are the descendants of the men who fought at Morgarten and at Sempach; they are the grandsons of the men who died upon their mountains when the sham democrats of Paris came to bind the yoke of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity upon a people more free, more equal, and more fraternal than themselves. And now the one stain on their glory is wiped away. Their strength and courage can never again be sold to prop the thrones of foreign despots; the bayonets on which we look can never again be levelled in any cause but the cause of freedom. And above the crowd we see sights which must thrill to the heart of every man capable of a generous emotion—sights which carry us back to times as glorious as those of Marathon and Plataea. There floats the banner of Uri, the mighty bull which has waved over so many fields of glory. There, borne on the shoulders of men in a strange ancient costume, are the huge horns at whose blast so many tyrants have trembled—horns which seem to show that bulls as well as men were vaster in the old heroic times. Unhappily—perhaps the only point in which the ceremony could be improved—they are only carried, and not blown; the musical part of the proceedings is left wholly to instruments of a modern kind. Still it is something to look on such relics, even though it is not allowed to hear them; and, while looking on them, it is hard to stifle the hope that they may live yet to sound the death-note of a baser tyranny than that of Austria or Burgundy. At last the magistrates arrive on handsome and well-caparisoned horses. The Landammann, a man of commanding stature and presence, with a cocked hat and a sword by his side, seems as though he had been chosen, like King Saul, as the goodliest man among his people. The other dignitaries of the State, also mounted, gather around him, and the procession sets forth. First go the soldiers, with the great horns in front, and the banner of the bull's head, floating over their ranks. Then come the mounted magistrates, preceded by six lictors or *Beuteln* on foot, clad in long cloaks, which, like the garments of the musicians, are half black, half yellow, the colours of the Canton. After them, in such order as it pleases, goes the Sovereign People of Uri, to the place where it is to exercise its sovereign powers. For the mountain democracy does not meet in any building, or in any place within the compass of a town, even so small a town as Altdorf. With the old Teutonic feeling which looked on a town as a prison, the *Demos* of Uri pitches his *Pnyx* under no meaner canopy than the sky, and within no meaner walls than the natural ramparts of his own land. The place of meeting is at Bözlingen, about two miles from Altdorf, a green meadow in a valley hemmed in by glorious mountains, a pine forest rising above the assembly on one side, and rocky and snow-clad peaks on the other. There the Sovereign People take their places, like the judges in Homer, *ἰσθ' ἰνὶ κλισίῃ*—not, however, upon smooth stones, but on rough planks somewhat hastily put together. Men in the common dress of European gentlemen are mixed up with priests in clerical dress and with men in the peasant costume of Uri, diversified by the ancient garb of the officials, and by a few Franciscan friars in the brown habit and venerable beards of their order. A table and two chairs in the middle of the ring are set apart for the Landammann and the Secretary of State. After a short time given to silent prayer, the proceedings open with a speech from the Landammann; and as that dignitary, in addressing the Sovereign People, necessarily takes off his hat, he is kindly shielded against sun-stroke by an attendant with an umbrella.

We can hardly be expected to report at length speeches uttered in the peculiar German of the country; but it was evident that both the Landammann and all the other public speakers really knew how to speak. Every man spoke out clearly and vigorously—a gift which must be greatly promoted by the habit of addressing a real deliberative assembly in the open air; and every man was listened to with a degree of attention which is not always to be got, either in the House of Commons or in a Court of Quarter Sessions. There was no interruption, no disorder of any kind. The assembly of about twelve hundred citizens was a multitude indeed; but it was anything but a mob. Nothing could be more strictly orderly than the whole thing. Everything was carried on with perfect gravity, except when once or twice a plank gave way, and a few citizens fell off from their unsafe *rostra*. The Parliamentary law of Uri is evidently well understood, and the exact course of proceedings is regulated, in Homeric fashion, by proclamations through the voice of a herald. When the opening speech of the President was over, the report of the Secretary followed, much as at an archaeological meeting—a report, we may add, of the most exemplary shortness. Then came the real business of the day—the work of legislation for the sovereign commonwealth of Uri. Polished Cabinets and Parliaments elsewhere may smile to

learn that the one question which agitated the mountain Republic was neither a Reform Bill, nor an Income-tax, nor Corn-laws, nor the Eastern question, nor the Polish question, nor the Roman question. The one complication in Uri which needed a solution, was the Dance Question, the *Tanzfrage*. As the law stood, dancing at the Carnival had to stop at nine in the evening. But now a motion was made in due form to extend the lawful hours of pastime till midnight. In Uri, a law can be changed only on the proposal of seven citizens of seven different families, forming what is called a *Siebengeschlecht*. The seven innovators stood in a row, some of them peasants, but headed by an orator in broad-cloth, who spoke vigorously on behalf of *die junge Leute*. Other speakers followed—some for, some against, the motion. The opposition was headed by one of the secular clergy, the commissary, we believe, of the Bishop of Chur, who, though speaking on the unpopular side, was listened to with the most respectful attention, all hats being taken off while he spoke. At last the votes had to be taken. Thrice did the assembly hold up its hands for and against, and thrice did the presiding Landammann find himself unable to decide whether the ayes or the noes had it. At last the House had to divide and be counted, which was done with exemplary order, and the tellers at last announced the result as being, for the motion, 671; against it, 582—we give the exact numbers on the authority of the *Schwyzer Zeitung*, the daily journal of the neighbouring Canton. Thus it will for the future be lawful for the young folk of Uri to dance at the Carnival even until midnight. This done, the official year of the magistrates came to an end; the Landammann left his post of dignity, and took his seat as a private citizen in the circle. Thus the Republic was for a few minutes left without a head. But a unanimous vote soon recalled both him and his brethren in office to their several charges. Elections of representatives to the Federal Councils then followed, and the whole business of the day being accomplished, the Sovereign People and the leaders of its choice went back to Altdorf in the same state and order in which they came.

Such was the Landsgemeinde of Uri. It is not hard to laugh at a Sovereign Republic which numbers less than 15,000 souls. It is not hard to laugh at a people whose one subject of discussion is, whether they shall dance for three hours longer or not. But any such laughter would be very shallow and out of place. A people, if only of 15,000 souls, has a right to be free and happy after the fashion in which its forefathers have been free and happy for so many ages. And happy, indeed, is the land where there is so little division or discontent that, in an Assembly in which every man has a vote, no subject of dispute can be found except the hours of dancing. And the evident habit of fair discussion, of hearing both sides and taking a vote, without tumult or interruption of any kind, would surely fit the people of Uri for the discussion of graver matters, if they should be so unlucky as ever to have any to discuss. Throughout the whole day, the assembled people exhibited a pattern of orderly debate which any deliberative body in the world might be proud to follow. And it must be remembered that the question, though a trivial, was an exciting one, and many speakers spoke right in the teeth of popular feeling. Yet there was no cry of "turn him out," no interruption of any sort. The Landsgemeinde is a very numerous Parliament, but it is essentially a Parliament, and not a mob. In fact, if there is any fault to be found, it would be that *Demos* did not make noise enough. A little more shouting at the carrying of a popular measure and the re-election of a popular magistrate would have seemed more natural to an English ear.

The Constitution of Uri is one which could not be safely transplanted elsewhere, but it is one which it would be sad indeed to disturb in a land where it is strictly immemorial. The old Teutonic custom of Moots and Things, the origin of all our deliberative assemblies from the parish vestry upwards, has here, through peculiar circumstances, been preserved and strengthened in course of time. The assembly of a very small district, instead of sinking into a mere county, or rather parish, has contrived to win and to keep the rank of a Sovereign State. And long may it keep it still! The two blots on its escutcheon are wiped out. The freemen of Uri are now freed from the disgrace of bearing an oppressive rule over helpless subjects on the other side of Mount St. Gotthard. And the vile system of military capitulations is done away with by the present Federal Constitution. If any Swiss now sells himself out to foreign service, he sins as directly against the laws of his country as an Englishman who does the like. The people of Uri cannot expect again to make a figure in history; they must be content to be obscure, but they need be none the less free and happy for their obscurity. And they are never likely to be so free or so happy in any other way as if they are allowed to seek for freedom and happiness after their own fashion. It would be a bad day indeed when any man should go and preach political theories of any kind to the old conservative democracy. Every real Conservative and every real Liberal will alike wish to preserve a State which so wonderfully realizes the political ideal of both parties. He must have a cold heart indeed who cannot join in the spirit-stirring cry with which some of the spectators departed from the native soil of European freedom—*"Uri's Stier für ever!"*

INFANT LOYALTY AND ITS USES.

ON the 19th of March last, a Mr. Horatio N. Goulty—whom we take, from the internal evidence afforded by his writings, to be a Dissenting attorney, or something of the sort—addressed a note to

General Knollys, requesting permission to offer to the Princess of Wales "a copy of the Holy Scriptures with a reading-desk," from "the Sunday-school children of England." Of course the letter was sent to the wrong person. People of this sort instinctively make mistakes in such matters, and seem to think it rather a mark of spirituality than otherwise to know nothing of the ordinary rules that are known and observed by everybody else. General Knollys, however, handed on the document to Lord Harris, who in due time returned an answer. Lord Harris may be pardoned if he is not wholly "up" in affairs of the kind, and therefore he saw no obvious absurdity in Mr. Goulty's constituting himself the representative of the Sunday scholars of England—a body, again, of whom he probably knew little more than that he occasionally met batches of them on his way to church. So he sent a civil answer, as a matter of course, and probably thought no more about the matter—beyond, perhaps, being a little puzzled at the queer notion of giving the Princess a reading-desk, or wondering why, if they did the thing at all, they did not do it out-and-out, and send a pulpit for the Prince along with it. We venture to say that it never entered his head that the note was only a new variation of an old story—reckoning chickens before they are hatched. It did not occur to him to suppose that the Bible and reading-desk were, at the time, purely creatures of the Goulty imagination, and that, in making the offer, Mr. Goulty was simply acting "in faith"—had not the remotest notion of making anything more than an offer *in posse*, but had a vague glimmering of some possible honour and glory to surround the name of Goulty in connexion with the achievement. It was impossible to suspect him of the impertinence of making a proposition to certain Royal personages which might, for aught he knew, turn out a practical hoax after all. However, Mr. Goulty's embryo Bible was accepted, and he set to work to raise the requisite funds. A circular on pink-tinted paper was despatched at once "To the Superintendents of — Sunday Schools," probably with the most catholic liberality, telling them that "a suggestion has been made (omitting to say by whom) that the Sunday-school children throughout Great Britain should have an opportunity of testifying their loyalty and love to the Prince of Wales and his bride," and gaining a little social distinction for Mr. Goulty by the way. Perhaps he was of opinion (and we quite agree with him) that the "Committee" dodge for schemes of this sort is pretty well worked to death; or perhaps he was greedy and wanted to have all the honour and glory to himself; or perhaps nobody would join him in the enterprise. So he contented himself with the assertion that "the following proposal" had "met with the most cordial approbation"—from himself and as many other persons as the imagination of the superintendent might suppose to be implied in half a sheet of pink letter-paper and some formal-looking documents in blue ink, addressed from "the Offices, Union Street, Brighton."

The device itself is by no means an unattractive one to the peculiar mind and taste with which our Dissenting brethren are chronically afflicted. Each of the children is to subscribe the favourite one penny towards the Bible—we beg pardon, the "copy of the Holy Scriptures" is the correct thing—and the infantine enthusiasm is tickled with the promise that an "illuminated manuscript address from the scholars" is to accompany the offering. Only think of that! An address, as even the most puerile intellect understands, fairly implies the signatures of the addressers. Who knows whether dear little Matilda Jane Anna and precocious little Tommy may not go all their lives an inch higher on the strength of the conviction that their interesting names are enshrined somewhere in the Princess's own Bible-box, and may, some rainy afternoon or other, pass under her august eyes, or even be pronounced by her august lips? We rather fear that Mr. Goulty has been practising a little innocent reservation here, and that, when the address comes to be prepared, the only name that will fall in for any illumination will be the unromantic one of Goulty. Next, the teachers come in for their *bonne bouche*. For the small charge of sixpence, they may have the satisfaction of contributing an infinitesimal bit of rosewood or gold towards the purchase of a "Reading-desk and casket for the Bible." Either, however, the teachers are not of so much importance as the taught, or perhaps they are likely to see through the delusive intimation of personal and nominal glorification more clearly than the infant mind can be expected to do, or else they are presumably superior to sublunary considerations and earthly vanities. Anyhow, no hope is held out to them of individual emblazonment; only "a list of the schools which unite in the presentation" is to go with the casket. There is an odd sort of inverse ratio observable in Mr. Goulty's attentions, modelled apparently on the graduated civility of the railway porter. "Tickets, please, gentlemen," "tickets, gentlemen," and "now then, tickets." The children are allured by possible illumination in an address; the teachers are "invited" to help; but the poor superintendent is to have nothing at all for his pains, beyond the satisfaction of adorning his schoolroom with "a photograph of the Bible and desk," in the very problematical event, not quite grammatically indicated, that "the funds should allow." Or rather, he is to be judiciously snubbed by the way, and taught to know his place. We have heard an Independent congregation described as an assembly in which everybody is independent except the minister, and the same view appears to be taken of Independent schools by those who ought to know the most about them. Mr. Horatio N. Goulty accordingly proceeds:—

I have great pleasure in asking your concurrence in this proposal [which, for anything that appears, is that of the writer alone], and request that you

will bring the subject before your teachers and scholars, and forward, at your earliest convenience, the result of your appeal. You will please to fill up the enclosed paper, and return with a Post Office order or cheque, payable to the Manager, at your earliest convenience.

The grammar here, if not the sentiment, is entirely original. A direction for due crossing of the cheques is added, that no ungodly manager of anything else may have a chance of poaching on Mr. Goulty's preserves; and an air of official authority is given to the thing by engraving the Prince of Wales's feathers at the top, and parading Lord Harris's letter, headed by a feeble imitation of the Royal arms, at the bottom of the precious document. All this may be just the thing to impress the poor superintendent with an adequate sense of the prodigious importance of the manager of this notable project. He ought to know best what sort of material he has to work upon, and we should be very far from venturing to offer advice to a person so entirely up to the level of the average Dissenting understanding; but we think he has made a little mistake here. It is a pardonable one enough. He has only been copying rather too closely a circular issued a few months ago on a somewhat kindred subject, and signed "St. Albans," which brought a much more promising scheme than his own to condign and speedy grief. In proposals of this sort, the volunteer method is decidedly more successful than the dragooning one; and even a superintendent of the schools that sit under Brother Stiggins at the Brick-lane Zoar may possibly have a little self-respect left. Evil communications corrupt good manners. Let Mr. Goulty eschew the ill example of Dukes, whose begging-letters are not on all occasions remarkable for good grammar or good manners.

We were nearly forgetting, however, to do justice to this gentleman's talents as an artistic designer; and, in truth, we had no idea that symbolism had made such way among the brethren as it appears to have done—though the reading-desk notion is somewhat encouraging. He gives us, so far as words can give it, "an outline of the proposed design for the Bible and desk," and here it is *in extenso*:—

The covers of the Bible to have on each of them five medallions of white ivory, carved in relief—the subjects to be representations of scenes taken from Scripture. These medallions to be set in gold mountings, and the intervals filled with pierced gold, having a background of crimson or purple velvet. The clasps to be of the finest gold, and to be in two pairs—that is, secured to the covers on either side, and to open in the middle—each pair united by a band, having a fastening in the centre, which will secure the two clasps at once. Immediately under this centre fastening, there is to be set a single pearl, emblematic of the "hidden treasure" found only when the book is open. The edges of the leaves to be brilliantly illuminated, and the fly leaves emblazoned.

The book-markers to be five in number, made of Coventry ribbon expressly for this work, and, as far as practicable, by those engaged in Sunday Schools. The designs will be copyright, and the manufacturers are under an engagement not to make or issue any further markers from these designs without the special permission of Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales. The markers to have gold terminals set with pearls or stones.

The reading-desk to be so constructed as to close over the Bible when required, and form a casket to protect it, as well as a stand to support it; to be of carved woods, with gold mountings, hinges, handles, key, &c.

The construction of the reading-desk is quite beyond us; but what can be more felicitous than all the rest? "The clasps to be in two pairs." The Prince and Princess have, by some happy coincidence, two pairs of hands between them, and little dears who believe that the Queen always wears a crown on her head may be sure that new-married couples are always clasping them. Then, "each pair united by a band"—a true lover's knot of course—so ingeniously devised as to "secure the two clasps at once." Then again, what "tastiness" in the "edges of the leaves brilliantly illuminated," just like a haberdasher's shop, or Mr. Goulty's offices at the Wedding! What a fine flavour of aristocratic exclusiveness about the "copyright" markers, and the binding down the unfortunate Coventry manufacturers to forego what really might turn out to be a profitable branch of business; and their "terminals" too—vulgar people call them ends—how superior! Above all, what unction in the "single pearl, found only when the Book is open," and the couple of words of Scripture, set, as pearls ought to be, in the middle of the spiritual sentiment! We once heard a preacher exhort his congregation to "labour diligently in the field of the word, and dig thereout the pearl of great price;" and, adhering to the popular prejudice that pearls come out of oysters, we irreverently thought him a puzzle-headed fellow for his pains. We had no notion until now that the "hidden treasure" is a pearl, after all, that pearls really do grow in fields, and that the operation he recommended is not so silly as we fancied. We much desiderate the "subjects" of the five pairs of medallions. Mr. Goulty's profound knowledge of his Bible ought to enable him to come out strong in this department. We do not venture to make suggestions of our own in presence of so distinguished an operator; but we cannot help thinking that, if the centre one could be made to bring out in somewhat striking relief Solomon's notion of "braying a fool in a mortar"—introducing a likeness of the projector of the scheme in its proper place—the device would be uncommonly appropriate. Finally, looking at the matter for the moment from the Nonconformist point of view, we have our doubts about all this purple and gold. Frillery and gewgaws, and all that sort of thing, ought to be left to Bishops and Established Churches. Brass would be much cheaper, and, on the whole, far more symbolic.

We almost fear that this gentleman's scheme has hitherto turned out a failure—that the gold is yet unbought, that the pearl yet slumbers unconscious in its original oyster, and that, in

flagrant violation of Dissenting principles, the Bible in question is at present all Apocrypha. Perhaps the superintendents have run restive, or possibly the school children do not see the amusement of foregoing some hundredweights of lollipop and a millennium of stomach-aches, all for the honour and glory of Mr. Goulty. At least so we conclude from discovering that, after a couple of months' touting, the good man has gone to the expense of a *Clergy List*, and is now going through it alphabetically. He has already got as far as B. Q and X must not be affronted if they have not yet been 'favoured with a letter. Their turn will come safe enough. The clergy are probably in no need of advice on the subject. None of them are at all likely to be guilty of the incivility of presenting such a document to the superintendents (vulgarly called masters and mistresses) of their schools; which latter, Mr. Goulty may not be aware, are mostly Day-schools—the Dissenters generally leaving this, the expensive part of the work of education, to the clergy, and confining themselves to the less onerous and more agreeable department of Sunday proselytism. Most of them probably recollect also, if they happen to remember the name of Goulty at all, that a Brighton preacher of that name earned some notoriety a few years ago among the Binneys, Mialls, and Liberation Society oracles of the time; and Mr. Goulty's name will carry to them considerably less weight with it than pure anonymousness would have done. In any case, they generally expect suggestions of this kind to come from some more accredited source than the offices of an insignificant person in the back street of a country town. A Bible having been already appropriately presented from the Cambridge University Press, they possibly think that any inferior presentation of the sort would be a piece of snobbish intrusiveness; and we are quite of their opinion. If they should, any of them, further think that this queer bit of pushing presumption requires some appropriate punishment, we apprehend that it can hardly be inflicted so effectually as by passive silence. The cost of canvassing the *Clergy List* in this manner, we believe, amounts to about 240*l*. By the time he has paid it, Mr. Horatio N. Goulty will probably have learnt, if not better manners, at all events more discretion.

STONEWALL JACKSON

THE commonplaces of history have been ransacked to find a parallel for that distinguished officer whose loss has turned the triumph of Chancellorsville into a day of mourning throughout the Confederate States. It may be doubted whether the saying which valued Stonewall Jackson at thirty thousand men has been rightly attributed to President Lincoln, because it has been said before of other great captains, and it is a wise saying; and wisdom, whether original or selected, is not in Mr. Lincoln's way. Thomas Jefferson Jackson was born some thirty-eight years ago, not among the first Virginian families, but of a respectable stock ranking among the smaller landed proprietors. His family, though not possessing the bluest blood of that aristocratic State, might represent the squire-yeoman class which a few generations back was to be found in our own shires. His education was completed at West Point, the great seminary of the American army; and he served, as a very young man, in the Mexican war of 1847, the practice ground in which the few military men in the service of the late United States who have seen actual warfare won their spurs. Life, and its duties and cares, gave him another training ground. He has been twice married, and has visited England, where it is said that he was especially struck with York Minster and its services, and with the picturesque aspect of the English cathedrals in general. After he left the regular army, he continued conversant with military affairs, as head of that Military College which Virginia founded for her own youth, who went there as to a sort of a university, and without the intention of serving professionally. So trained, it is no wonder that Virginian gentlemen made soldiers. It was from this honourable position that the secession of his State recalled Jackson to active service. He seems to have combined—what is scarcely conceivable among ourselves—the personal profession of an austere puritanical religion with that traditional reverence for the past and that high aristocratic feeling which is the characteristic of the cavalier. As to his religion, it must be remembered that Presbyterianism is inherited and traditional across the Atlantic. If we are to look for historical precedents for his striking character, few present themselves in the shape of an exact parallel. He combined the patriotic and the religious elements. Havelock and Colonel Gardner were religious men; but the former had not the glorious destiny of leading an enthusiastic band of patriots, rising as one man in defence of their homes, and families, and liberties; and there is so much haze spread over the biography of the Colonel, whose "conversion" occurred late in his career, that few of us have less in common than those of Gardner and Jackson. Bayard has equalled Jackson's chivalrous nature. Philip Sidney, in his fate and in his personal character, presents points of resemblance. The blameless and melancholy Falkland preceded him as the model hero of a civil strife. But it is, perhaps, in that strange and stirring page of history in which the secular and sacred annals mix in a confused but picturesque stream—the story of the first and greatest of the Maccabees—that Stonewall Jackson has been most fully anticipated. But Jackson was more fortunate, at least in one respect, than the good and great Judas

the Maccabee. Like Judas, Jackson in his last field "took with him all the hardy men, and discomfited the right wing" of the enemy; but it was when the flower of the Jewish army had abandoned their valiant general, after the pattern of the braves of New York, that Judas fell deserted and defeated. The modern Maccabee, *felix opportunitate mortis*, died in the very arms of victory, and, as it is reported, from the effects of a random shot from his own men. But the spirit of the two patient leaders is the same, and if not the words—though perhaps he appropriated even these—yet certainly the temper and the religious confidence were reproduced which in those old days exclaimed:—

It is no hard matter for many to be shut up in the hands of a few; and with the God of heaven it is all one to deliver with a great multitude, or a small company; for the victory of battle standeth not in the multitude of an host, but strength cometh from Heaven. They come against us in much pride and iniquity to destroy us, and our wives and children, and to spoil us; but we fight for our lives and our laws. Wherefore the Lord himself will overthrow them before our face; and as for you, be ye not afraid of them.

It is curious, as illustrating the difficulty which even contemporary history sometimes presents in assigning the facts on which popular names are founded, that two accounts are given of the origin of the famous and characteristic *nom de guerre* by which "Stonewall" Jackson will descend to posterity. One story represents Colonel Jackson as drawing up his regiment close to a stone wall, and exhorting them to stand as firm as that defence. Another, and the authentic version, attributes the surname to the circumstance that when, in some anxiety about a particular corps at Bull Run, the General in command—Bee, of Georgia, who fell in that fight—inquired what Jackson was doing, he was answered by his aide that "that fine fellow was as firm as a stone wall." It is immaterial to decide for what reason the name was given, for, after all, it only describes half the man. General Jackson's powers of endurance were certainly equalled by his dash and daring. Less than two years fill up his public life, and not much more than twelve months complete the cycle of his leading victories; but he compressed into the narrow space of two campaigns as many triumphs as have distinguished the long military life of several famous captains. Although not the General-in-Chief of an army, not a few of his successes were won in an independent command, and as many as six great victories are attributed to Jackson. His prowess at Bull Run contributed much to that victory; but it was in the Shenandoah Valley, where he defeated General Banks, that he first came into the foremost rank of fame. When McClellan marched on Richmond, Jackson covered the capital; and in the battles of the Chickahominy he mainly contributed to force the best of the Northern generals, "for strategic reasons," to retreat out of the York River Peninsula. Jackson spoiled the braggart Pope's campaign in North Virginia by his forced march through the Blue Mountains, to the enemy's rear. In the Confederate invasion of Maryland, the only substantial success was won by Jackson's capture of Harper's Ferry, which he managed with such speed and completeness as to be able to assist at the indecisive action of Antietam, which but for his presence might have been McClellan's solitary victory, as it was undoubtedly his most creditable feat of arms, inasmuch as he was merely kept at bay by Lee, at the head of half the number of men which he himself commanded. At the bloody battle of Fredericksburg, and on the equally terrible field of Chancellorsville, the post of honour, danger, and victory were Jackson's; and Burnside and the injudicious Hooker have filled up the long catalogue of Northern Generals who have found brag, and bluster, and incapacity, and mercenary hordes to fail them in presence of men fighting on their own soil, and for their own homes. It is easy, though as useless on one side as on the other, to conjecture what Stonewall Jackson might have been, had he been in a first commander's place. Possibly, his place was as a lieutenant. An early and glorious death has debarred him from taking rank with those great generals among whom history will place Lee; but in the second class of distinguished soldiers no more honourable name than that of Stonewall Jackson has been recorded in modern times.

What, after all, recommends the Southern cause to English sympathies, is the contrast presented by the personal character of the representative men on either side of this miserable war. No doubt, there are higher reasons which compel us to take no partisan views of this contest. Politically speaking, our true attitude is a resolute impartiality; but, on the lower ground of personal likings, we are not surprised at the growth of a public opinion in favour of the general character of the men of the South. Measuring them, man against man, the difference is most striking. President Davis is a religious man, and has actually received confirmation at the hands of his Bishop since the Secession. General Lee is a consistent member of the Episcopal Church. Longstreet and Johnston are men of decided religious practice. General Beauregard is of an old Catholic and Canadian stock. General Polk has put on epaulettes over the episcopal rochet, and, as far as this doubtful testimony to his patriotism goes, it may at least be scored off against the tongue-valiant heroism of the Reverend Beechers and Cheevers of the North. The inveterate joker who rules at the White House will pair off with the austere President of the South; and the "beast Butler," the braggart Pope, the contemptible Hooker, and the seditious Fremont are compared, not without results on English opinion, with the Southern Generals. This comparison tells. Whatever our judgment of the politics of the war may be, we cannot help measuring the self-denial, and the

sufferings, and the patriotism of the women of the South with such an unsexed virago as the young woman who has lately been hired to preach extermination on a New York platform. Nor are we insensible to the reality and the charms of domestic virtues and personal kindness. English hearts are struck by the commonplace yet characteristic tale of Stonewall Jackson offering to share his bed with the English officer who visited the Confederate camp, and, with his own hands, drying his guest's wet clothes. We are almost as familiar with the personal appearance of the hero of Chancellorsville, with his noticeable blue eyes and the thin determined lines of his face, as with our own Clydes and Inglises. We dwell with pleasure on the little marks of the man's kindly manner and thoughtful, generous care of strangers. We like his calmness, his sobriety, his gentleness, his charity. Jackson's religion seems to have been as fervent as Havelock's, and though so strong, there is no evidence that it was intrusive. The readers of Walter Scott will remember that in the wars of Gustavus Adolphus, and, indeed, in Marlborough's campaigns, it was the rule for the chaplain to read prayers to the regiments before going into action. It is possible that some memory of this practice, like a good many other old and religious traditions, may survive in Virginia. But though we have had a picture of Stonewall Jackson wrestling in secret prayer, and of his streaming eyes and clasped hands, as minute as that of Balfour of Burley, it must not be forgotten that his devotions were not done that they might be seen of men, and that his religious exercises and his hard life were personal to himself. It is possible that, had he been less abstemious, his constitution might have rallied against the shock of amputation. His religion, though it may not be our religion, was not inconsistent with charity, gentleness, and courtesy; and the victorious general who is a high-minded gentleman, a consistent Christian, and whose popularity is universal among his men, is not, after all, a very common character. The military profession wants such bright and rare reliefs; and we will venture to say that throughout England, and even among the better spirits of the Federals, there is a general share in that "deep grief" with which the South may well mourn the death of Lieut.-General Jackson. There is something of a national sympathy with those simple and touching words with which General Lee records "the daring, skill, and energy of this great and good soldier," and asks his comrades "while they mourn his death, to feel that his spirit lives, and will inspire the whole army with his indomitable courage and unshaken confidence in God as their hope and strength."

THEIR HUNTING.

THE sufferings which people who have anything that can be dunned out of them by importunity are condemned to undergo at the hands of those who are impudent enough to dun them, have long been the subject of general commiseration. The system of Competitive Examination is believed to owe its origin chiefly to the anxiety of statesmen to rid themselves of the intolerable throng of applicants who were gathered round them by the hopes of patronage. The Mendicity Society owes its existence to the absolute necessity of providing some protection against the swarm of beggars whom the merest rumour will draw round any man who has had the weakness to be guilty of an act of benevolence. It is said that a distinguished philanthropist, who has had the misfortune to make his name famous by an act of singular munificence, has been fairly driven into a foreign country by the levée of piteous cases that has taken to assembling round his street door. There are better-dressed beggars also, who do not beg less valiantly, though it is for other things. The great people who have the reputation of giving agreeable or splendid parties are severe sufferers from the imperturbable assurance with which those who are labouring up the lower rounds of the fashionable ladder petition for a card. But of all the sufferers of this kind, there is no set of people so deserving of pity as elder sons. The mendicants by whom they are beset are not of the outcast class, who can be got rid of by an appeal to a police magistrate or a mendicity officer; nor is the favour for which they are importuned a very small matter. Turbanned dowagers, of awful presence and remorseless tongues, laden with unmarketable daughters, and with the word "Intentions" trembling on their lips, are the lazzaroni by whom their footsteps are dogged; and, like their Neapolitan prototypes, these persecutors are always ready to turn to and abuse their victim if he refuses them the trifling dole of title and estates for which they are asking.

Happily for themselves, the hunted animals in question are comparatively rare. London ball-rooms and country-houses are the spots in which their persecutors generally find them; but, like the Alpine chamois, excessive hunting has made them scarce in their ancient haunts. They survive, however, in sufficient numbers to enable a careful observer to watch their habits in every stage of their troubled existence. The change that comes over them in the course of it is both striking and melancholy. The length of time during which any one of them has been the object for which some dowager has spread her toils may in general be inferred from the extent of timidity and caution he displays. On his first entrance into society, the elder son is cheerful, conversable, and trustful in his manner. He betrays no consciousness that his every gesture is watched, or that every phrase that falls from him is carefully analysed, to find whether a latent or embryo proposal can be detected in its composition. He does not even know his enemies as yet. He will talk and laugh with a dowager, and listen to her compliments,

and accept her invitations, and will speak of her to his friends as though she were nothing else to him but a rather ugly old woman, with a large development of skirt and head-dress. But the great sign that an elder son is still enjoying the bliss of youthful ignorance is the ease and composure with which he practises the manly accomplishment of flirting. He will plunge into a family of maiden daughters, if pheasants should lead him there, without a tinge of fear. He will sit by a young lady at dinner, if chance should thrust him into such a position, and his appetite will never be blunted by a thought upon the dangers that surround him. Nay, he will devote himself to her all the evening, will bank with her at the round game, and turn over her leaves at the pianoforte; and at the end of it all, he will hand a candle to her mother, without a suspicion that those maternal eyes are already glancing at him that question about "Intentions" which in a few days will send him a scared and breathless fugitive from the hall-door. Very different is the bearing of the elder son who has learnt wisdom in the bitter school of experience. He no longer ventures willingly into danger. After a score of hairbreadth escapes, like the partridges in November, he is decidedly wild. He is mentally scarred all over with the wounds he has received. Good-natured friends have confided to him more than once that Lady So-and-So is saying all over London that "he has behaved infamously;" and his manner shows that he is no longer insensible to the constructions which may be placed on the ordinary politenesses which are only practised with impunity by younger sons. Something of his former self still remains to him as long as only married women are in the room. He speaks and laughs at his ease, sits down wherever he is inclined, and does not shrink even from a *tête-à-tête*. But the moment the form of a marriageable female darkens the doorway, a cloud comes over him. If he can, he flees from the open plain by the fire, and hides himself in distant corners or behind impregnable writing tables. If he cannot make his escape to a place of security, he throws himself upon the defensive by making hard love to the nearest married lady, or by taking a sudden but absorbing interest in the agricultural prospects of a country neighbour. Sometimes hard fate forces him to sit through a whole meal next to the object of his terrors, and then it is very pretty to watch his coy and maidenly embarrassment. He is evidently puzzling himself the whole time how to draw the narrow and imperceptible line which, in the case of elder sons, separates rudeness from love-making. He is calculating how many observations upon the weather it will be safe to make, and whether he can dare to desert that innocent subject of criticism without exposing himself to the risk of being supposed to have "behaved infamously" six months hence. His manner becomes very like that of a witness who has been put forward to prove an alibi, and is undergoing a severe cross-examination. At last, of course, he attains to a wonderful dexterity in the use of a glacial politeness, in which nothing matrimonial can be scented even by the keenest dowager nose. It is not all elder sons, however, who attain to this conversational agility. Many are taken in the process of learning how to elude their pursuers. In spite of all his care, many a one finds himself at last undergoing that dreaded interview in which the dexterous dowager drives in her last harpoon, by telling him in a broken voice, from behind her pocket-handkerchief, that she fears her dear daughter's peace of mind is gone for ever. Conscious of their weakness, the elder sons seldom run too close to danger. They prefer to flock together out of its reach. Just as a shoal of herrings indicates the neighbourhood of a dog-fish, and as the terror among the small birds betrays the presence of a hawk in the air above, so, if you see a number of elder sons congregated at one end of a breakfast or luncheon table, you may be quite sure there is a young lady at the other.

After a time, this phase, too, in the elder son's career passes away. The dowagers whose toils he has constantly eluded give him up in despair at last. He is beyond the age when he can be expected to believe in the fracture of a young lady's peace of mind; and it is of no use asking for intentions when there are no intentions forthcoming. Nothing remains of his many hazards and narrow deliverances, but a quarrel with two or three families to whom he is supposed to have behaved infamously. He has not resumed, however, the unsuspecting gaiety of youth. He has acquired a precautionary habit of sheering off at the approach of a young lady, to which he probably adheres. He has also contracted a practice of keeping his hands in his pockets, which has attracted the observation of the naturalists by whom the species has been studied. The reason is supposed by many to be analogous to that which induces the Persians who live in disturbed districts to cut their beards short, in order that their adversaries may have nothing to take hold of. This explanation, however, requires to be verified. It is needless to say that, in this advanced stage of elder-sonship, he does not dream of marriage. To propose it to him would be like proposing amalgamation to Federals and Confederates, or to Poles and Russians. A long course of social hardships and privations has made such an idea abhorrent to him. The results—at least those results which we can examine without lifting up the veil of our decorous social system—are curious enough, not only with respect to the elder sons, strictly so called, but with respect to all who are in any degree worth being hunted down. Refined female society they will, as a rule, have, though they cannot have it in the conversation of young ladies, the greater number of whom are brought up to look on them with a purely commercial eye. The demand from such a quarter is pretty sure to create a supply; and as the

young unmarried ladies are shut out by the manoeuvres of their mothers, it must be furnished by those who have removed that disqualification. Snake-charming is a perilous amusement except with snakes whose fangs are drawn. The arrangement is, no doubt, a very pleasant one for the young men. Married women are in themselves more practised, and, therefore, more agreeable talkers than young ladies; and even if they were not, a friendship which does not lead up to a question about intentions is necessarily a very much pleasanter and more comfortable kind of intimacy than one that does. But it is not to be expected that the prevalence of such a state of things should be free from consequences of a more serious kind upon the morality and the repute of the classes among whom it exists. For the present, the game appears to go on merrily. Skating on thin ice is a delightful amusement until the ice breaks—and, perhaps, for some time after. But if the pastime should result in extensive scandal, no small share of the blame will belong to the dowager-system, and especially to the vigorous practitioners who have pushed it to such a length in our day.

THE OAKS DAY AT EPSOM.

THE pleasure of the contrast between the crowd and turmoil of the Derby, and the ease and quiet of the Oaks, was this year heightened by the accompanying change from rain and mud to fine weather and dry, but not too dry, ground. There was another contrast between the two days—viz. that in the great race of Wednesday the favourites ran first and second, while on Friday they were badly beaten. It may not unreasonably be inferred, from this and other similar examples, that the chance of any animal is almost as good as that of any other in the Oaks. At least the differences in character and performances, although certain to be recognised hereafter, do not seem at this early period to afford anything like sure ground to go upon. The winner of the Two Thousand Guineas is usually allowed to have a good chance for the Derby, which this year he actually won. But the winner of the One Thousand Guineas, whose chance ought theoretically to be equally good for the Oaks, is apt in practice to be nowhere for that race.

The view of the twenty starters for the Oaks in the saddling paddock was much facilitated by the absence of those umbrellas which proved such a great annoyance at the Derby. It really ought to be made highly penal to carry an umbrella upon a racecourse on a wet day. On entering the paddock, Borealis, owing to her position as first favourite, as well as to her descent from Blink Bonny, attracted most attention. Borealis has rather a hack-like look, and in everything, from the white blaze in her face to her ragged switch-tail, she reminds one of her famous mother. She is a remarkably well furnished little mare, and evidently possesses great strength, while all her limbs appear as sound and perfect as the nature of horseflesh will admit. Her style of going, too, is very pretty and quick, but she throws her head about in her canter in rather a nervous, excited way, and she had sweated a good deal when she came to the starting-post. Many observers thought her too small for so severe a course, but Feu-de-Jois showed last year that a little one, when good, can win the Oaks, and in spite of this objection Borealis still maintained her place in the betting. As in the Derby, the Whitewall stable had three representatives in this race, one of whom, Queen Bertha, was destined to take back to Yorkshire the only great prize that has fallen to its share this season. Singularly enough, the winner was not only unheeded by the public, but was apparently not much believed in at home. Certainly both Old Orange Girl and Amelia had the call of Queen Bertha in the betting, and it was reported that they had beaten her in a trial at Leatherhead on Monday, which will account for the large share of attention which Old Orange Girl received in the paddock from all the retainers and adherents of the Whitewall Stable. It might be interesting, by the way, to be informed whether the name "Old Orange Girl" was intended by the sponsors of this filly to predicate age in respect to oranges or to the girl who sells them, and also whether, in either case, age is supposed to be a recommendation of the article? It may be remembered that, in the early part of the season, Queen Bertha was a good deal talked about for the Derby, for which, however, she did not start. To a stranger nothing would seem more natural than that she should win the Oaks; for a finer or more racing-like animal is rarely seen, possessing, as she does, great size and strength with superior quality. In the paddock, however, Old Orange Girl, a common-looking animal enough, seemed quite to eclipse Queen Bertha, and Aldcroft was left to saddle his mare by himself almost unnoticed. Queen Bertha as well as Lord Clifden is engaged in the St. Leger, so that an encounter may be expected at Doncaster between the Derby and Oaks winners, in which the mare's chance of success ought not to be despised. Miss Armstrong, representing the stable which was disappointed on Wednesday in National Guard, found admirers on the strength, probably, of a report that she had beaten her stable-companion in a trial. She is a large-boned tall mare, and will probably do better as she gets older. Marigold, a very handsome chesnut, reminded the beholder, in every action, of her sire Teddington. The Orphan looked rather fine-drawn and jaded, and it was hardly likely that she had it in her to compensate her owner, Lord St. Vincent, for losing the Derby. Isoline, Golden Dust, Fantail, and Tornado were all liked; the last, by-the-by, is strangely named, for a

quieter animal never came to the post. The lot were now all ready in the paddock, waiting only for the arrival of Lord Stamford's pair. They came at last; and Lady Augusta's looks fully justified all that was said about her after winning the One Thousand Guineas. Of the many good-looking scions of Stockwell she is the most beautiful; and with her reputation to back her looks, it is no wonder that the public made her second favourite for the race, notwithstanding that her owner had declared to win with her common-looking stable companion Sea Nymph. Taking them all in all, the fillies of the year may be said to be quite up to the mark of the colts.

As no animal of the Tambour Major sort was in the race, the start was effected with very little delay. Borealis, on the extreme right, got first upon her legs, but she was immediately pulled back, and never afterwards showed conspicuously in the race. The finish was almost a repetition of the Derby. Marigold appeared to be winning as easily as did Lord Clifden, but Aldcroft, by a fine exhibition of skill, contrived to catch her on the post, and Queen Bertha became the winner by a head. It should, however, be remarked that, comparing the finish of the Oaks and Derby as seen from the same point of the Grand Stand, the "head" by which Queen Bertha won was visible, while that by which Macaroni won was invisible to the naked eye.

Hardly inferior in interest to the Oaks was the race in which Lord Clifden ran on the same day. It must have been a melancholy satisfaction to his friends, after he had so narrowly missed the great prize of Wednesday, to see him defeat a single moderate opponent, who disputed with him for a small stake on Friday. This opponent was the French horse Jarnicoton, a useful hunter-like looking animal, whom the vulgar English tongue finds it convenient to call "Johnny Cotton." He was generally supposed to be put into the Derby as a sort of humble friend of Hospodar; and, as Hospodar cut so bad a figure in that race that some of the reports of it do not so much as mention what became of him, it may be inferred that a victory gained by Lord Clifden over Jarnicoton, even if complete, would not amount to much in the shape of compensation for the Derby. There may, indeed, be one public instructor who, having enjoyed a particular revelation upon the subject of Jarnicoton's merit as a racehorse, is prepared to contend that the Great Surrey Foal Stakes is a nobler trophy than the Derby. It was some weeks before the race, and when ample opportunity existed for making use of the information profitably, that a writer in a penny paper was kind enough to inform his readers that he had been, some time last year, to Baden Baden races, where he had met a lady of the highest fashion, and also (which was even more material) of the most distinguished beauty, who had revealed to him in confidence the deepest mystery of the French stable—viz., that their backing of Hospodar was only a pretence, and that the horse with which they really meant to win the Derby was Jarnicoton. By giving to this revelation all the additional publicity that may be possible, it is to be hoped that something may be done towards consoling Lord Clifden's friends for seeing him beaten by Macaroni. It is true that Lord Clifden only beat this mysterious Jarnicoton by a head, but then he ran under a 6lb. penalty incurred by getting second for the Derby. It is stated that the rider of Jarnicoton broke his stirrup-leather within a few strides of home, which of course would be likely to interfere with his finish, and it is inferred that if this accident had not happened Lord Clifden would have been beaten a second time. It is further stated that Lord Clifden appeared, when he was stripped, much the worse for his race of Wednesday, and that he needed a deal of nursing and management to get him through Friday's race at all. In opposition to these statements, it may be mentioned, that the opportunities of observing Lord Clifden on Friday were particularly good, and that some at least of those who saw him thought that he looked extremely well. Nobody who has once seen Lord Clifden is ever likely to forget the impression made by his magnificent appearance. Experience has, however, shown that these exceedingly comely animals sometimes disappoint expectation. If the horse really was looking the worse for wear on Friday, it would be satisfactory to see him at his best, when he must indeed be a prodigy of perfection. As regards his running with Jarnicoton, it is true that the finish was a close one, although not so close as that for the Derby; but the same question arises upon both races, viz. whether Lord Clifden could not have done more if called upon. On Friday, there was no necessity to do more, and it is certain that on Wednesday all that was done was for the best, according to the judgment which directed it. Nevertheless, it is impossible not to observe that the notion entertained in some quarters on Wednesday, that Fordham was a little too fond of a close finish, derived confirmation from what occurred on Friday. Whatever may be the exact explanation of Lord Clifden's apparent shortcomings at Epsom, they do not seem to have affected the public disposition to place confidence in him for Doncaster. Unfortunately, Macaroni is not in the St. Leger, but both Saccharometer and King of the Vale will have the opportunity of proving what they could have done at Epsom if an unlucky accident had not destroyed their chance. It might be worth while for Lord Clifden's owner, if he is determined to retrieve his defeat in the Derby, to consider the advisability of following the example of the late Mr. Gully, who, "not to throw a chance away," as one of his biographers expresses it, sent Margrave to Whitewall to be trained for the St. Leger. Without any disrespect either to the district where Lord Clifden dwells, or to the trainer who has

charge of him, it may be asserted that it is something like a point in favour of a promising St. Leger horse to know that he is breathing the air of Malton during August and September.

A notice of the Epsom meeting would not be complete without some reference to the inadequacy of accommodation in the Grand Stand, and the unnecessary and discreditable confusion which prevails in its dark and narrow passages. The managers of this valuable property must be perfectly well aware that, when the attendance at the Derby is not diminished by bad weather, they issue a considerable number of tickets to persons who have no chance whatever of seeing the race. The space available for general public accommodation has lately been diminished by building a row of stalls, and fencing-off an inner ring, where the larger speculators may operate undisturbed by the jostling and din which prevail among the more energetic and vociferous community outside. There is no objection to the managers of the Stand endeavouring to provide superior accommodation for those who pay adequately for the privileges afforded to them; but it ought to be remembered that whatever is given to the few is taken from the many. The arrangement made this year at Epsom could hardly fail to strike an impartial observer as unduly favourable to the smaller but more influential class of sportsmen. But the whole arrangement is so bad that these recent innovations are by comparison immaterial. Surely it is almost time to begin to think about providing adequate machinery for the solemnization of this national festival of which we boast so much.

THE DOG SHOW.

HOW very hard must be the fate of those who are only allowed to spend an hour at the Dog Show! Whether the lot of a Princess of Wales be or be not in other respects enviable, it is certain that persons of humbler station can partake freely of pleasures which are almost forbidden to exalted rank. Compassion for the Princess of Wales, who could only afford one hour to see the dogs, is to some extent mitigated by the recollection that a benevolent person has been kind enough to send her a fine bull-pup, of which she can enjoy the company as often and as fully as she likes. Nobody who was not oppressed either with dignity or with engagements would attempt to see such a show as that at Islington in an hour. There was plenty of matter of study for one or even for several days, and convenience of access heightened the attraction of the show. At Cremorne, the available space was very much less than in the vast Agricultural Hall at Islington; so that the dogs could not be seen so well there, and the heat of the crowd, canine and human, was apt to become oppressive. The Hall at Islington is large enough for any purpose for which it is likely to be used, and it looks a good deal too large for the concerts which are sometimes held in it. But for an exhibition of live animals a building can scarcely be too large; and certainly, if safety and comfort can be ensured anywhere in or near London, they ought to be found here.

It is difficult, even for those who are able to devote much more than a single hour, to appreciate as it deserves such a vast and various collection of dogs as were exhibited at Islington. The magnitude to which the Show has attained is a proof of its popularity, and of the confidence which owners feel in the sufficiency of the accommodation, and in the attention which the managers bestow on the valuable animals entrusted to them. It may be remarked, in connection with the subject of value, that the tolerably familiar practice of marking a price of 1000*l.*, or some other fancy sum, upon a dog which is not intended to be sold, appears still to make a strange impression upon the uninitiated, who may be heard saying, with a sort of awe, that the price of a dog they are looking at is 1000*l.* As there are many dogs deserving prizes who have been forced to give way to others who deserve them more, it would be a cheap and easy method of rewarding merit to mark some of these disappointed candidates with even larger figures than have been yet adopted. If a dog were to be marked with the price of 10,000*l.*, it is nearly certain that some of the spectators would depart under the belief that the judges had fallen into a strange mistake in not giving him a prize. Another and even stronger title to respect is constituted by attributing to a dog that he is a man-hunter. Among the "Foreign Hounds" in Class 13 there are two animals, entirely unlike in every other respect, who equally enjoy the distinction of being called "slave-hounds." One of these, No. 107, is a particularly strong, well-grown, and kindly dog, whom most people would call a boar-hound. The other, No. 113, has much the look of a blood-hound, and is about as different from his class-fellow as can be conceived. It appears to be the fact, as might indeed have been expected, that more than one kind of dog will serve for hunting man, whether man be regarded as property or as an object of compassion. After observing the wide difference between the rough and the smooth coated dogs which are equally called St. Bernards, it is almost inevitable to conclude that any big, sagacious, good-tempered dog might do the work, and that if he did it he would be thereby proved to be of the proper breed. On the other hand, any dog capable of following a negro by scent might reasonably claim to be called a slave-hound. It is, doubtless, one of the difficulties of such a show to classify some of the animals which appear in it. The before-mentioned class of Foreign Hounds was probably formed upon the principle that no two dogs included in it should be alike. It contained, along with some useful-looking animals, one of perhaps the most imposing exterior in the whole building. This was what was

called a Russian wolf-hound, exhibited by the Duchess of Manchester, and bearing the name of Sultan. He may be described as having the body of a deer-hound of the largest size, and combining lightness with great strength, but clothed, instead of the usual iron-grey or yellow coat of the deer-hound, with long hair like a setter, black and white in colour, and feathery round the legs and at the tail. It seemed monstrous to employ such a handsome and aristocratic-looking animal to hunt a mean ugly wolf, and indeed he is much better engaged upon his present duty of ornamenting his mistress's abode. His face, perhaps, wants intellect—in which he resembles some other admired beauties, while he differs from the English fox-hound, who often looks wise enough to be a Queen's Counsel, and who is at the same time by no means badly built for tackling a wolf if one should come in his way. The Duchess of Manchester showed, side by side with the magnificent Sultan, another dog which was called a boar-hound, and, being a plain business-like creature, was perhaps intended to set off his companion's remarkable beauty by the force of contrast.

Perhaps the class of deer-hounds exhibits more strongly than any other the development which dog-showing has undergone in the last twelve months. It did not appear surprising that this class on previous occasions should comprise only a few specimens, because the deer-hound, although classed as a sporting dog, must be propagated at the present day in England rather for ornament, and as an interesting relic of a past age, than for use in any kind of hunting. The stag-hound which is used to hunt the carted deer, and of which some specimens were exhibited, is altogether a different animal from the deer-hound, having a fox-hound's body with something of a blood-hound's head. The stag-hound, also, which is used to hunt the wild deer on Exmoor, does not differ much from the fox-hound. It shows the extent to which the love of dog-breeding is carried, that of this noble, but not very servicable class of animal, the deer-hound, there were in the Exhibition thirty-nine specimens, almost every one of which would have been thought, if seen alone, admirable. Our old friend Alder found himself in better, as well as more numerous, company than at Cremorne. He is considerably improved in health and looks since we had last the pleasure of conversing with him, but either from not being thoroughly recovered or from being exposed to more formidable competition than before, he did not on this occasion obtain a prize. There was another old acquaintance in the same row, No. 85, a yellow dog, who was by mistake placed at Cremorne among the foreign dogs next to a particularly amiable and handsome mastiff, who had also found his way to Islington. This yellow deerhound, although, perhaps, he shows less breeding than other dogs of his class, is a truly noble specimen, standing over a great space of ground, and having a back and loins almost strong enough for a horse. Doubtless the iron-grey is the handsomest, and it appears to be deemed the most perfect colour, as it took the first prize in each class, while the second prizes were carried off by Lord Stamford's pair of yellow dogs, Bran and Brenda. On account of the beauty as well as rarity of the deerhound this well-filled compartment of the show was one of the most attractive.

Very far before everything else in the class of bloodhounds stood that well-known public character Druid, of whom it is painful to remark that the old dog was either indisposed or he has been growing older every day during the last year. It may be said of this dog, as of the deerhounds, that it was worth going to the show to see him alone, because he is nearly perfect in his kind, and that kind is one of which nearly everybody has heard much and seen little. The head of Druid is, perhaps, the most intellectual in the show, and if fox-hounds, who have a strain of the blood-hound in them, may be compared to Queen's Counsel, it must be allowed that Druid, the patriarch of blood-hounds, looks wise enough for a Lord Chief Justice at the least. Another object of such a show as this is to exhibit the best specimens of classes with which everybody is familiar, as, for instance, the fox-hound. The wire-cage which contained twelve couple of the Duke of Beaufort's hounds was, to many persons, the centre of attraction. Of course, dogs appear to much greater advantage loose in a kennel than when they are tied up by a stout chain in order to prevent them from proving the truth of Dr. Watts's conception of their characters. The heads of a lot of fox-hounds when they stand near together may not inaptly be compared to a bed of flowers, and it may be questioned whether any bed which the Horticultural Society could show would command more admiration. It would be superfluous to speak in praise either of the Duke of Beaufort's hounds, or of the smaller detachments from other packs which obtained prizes. The fox-hound has been bred to combine speed with strength, and the standard of perfection which is applied to him is not, as in the case of some other classes of dogs, ideal, but is derived from daily experience in the hunting-field. The pride which Englishmen feel in contemplating a successful practical result may be reasonably excited by the Duke of Beaufort's hounds, or by his huntsman who accompanies them, and who is said to be one of the best riders in England, or by the horses which that huntsman and his companions in the chase ride. Seeing something, and imagining the rest of the Duke's hunting establishment, one gives credit to it for being quite business-like. The dogs look as if they had done work, and were ready to do more work.

Considering the extent to which the amusements of coursing and shooting are pursued, it is not surprising that greyhounds and every variety of dogs which assist the gun are exhibited in prodigal abundance. The show in all these classes was worthy of the occa-

sion. The rewarded and commended greyhounds, and many which remained undistinguished, were models of elegance. Among pointers there was the famous Ranger, who takes the first prize wherever he goes, and there were many other pointers of great merit, as well as setters and retrievers. Visitors in the early hours of the day, when the Show was comparatively uncrowded, will have been struck by the evident dissatisfaction of these classes of dogs at a position which other classes were disposed quietly to make the best of, by taking the greatest possible quantity of sleep out of it. The pointers, especially, seemed impatient of their own thoughts, and sought diversion by looking over the partitions or going to have a gossip with the dog round the corner, while their appeals to passers-by to stop and speak to them were irresistible. The general benevolence of the pointers and setters was in strong contrast to the pugnacious instinct which was evidently powerful in other dogs. There was a brindled dog at the bottom of the room who spent the whole day tugging at his chain, and thinking how nice it would be to get at that black dog about three paces off. The smooth-haired St. Bernard dog, Thünn (No. 893) was moved down stairs in order to get him out of the way of temptation to commit breaches of the peace. In the absence of Captain Palmer's boarhound, Sam, who has not been exhibited on this occasion, and whose non-appearance some of his friends have much regretted, this dog Thünn, and an English mastiff called The Governor (No. 825), were entitled to the honour of being the biggest dogs in the Show. On the whole, the collection of English mastiffs was rather ordinary. It may be questioned whether the so-called "African Slave-hunter" (No. 1536), which is stated to have been "brought from Africa when a pup," is not a better mastiff than most of the English specimens. This is the dog who at Cremorne was placed next to the deer-hound above-mentioned (No. 85), in the foreign class. Having noticed elsewhere a bloodhound and a boarhound described as slave-hounds, we may now add this dog, with the aspect of a mastiff, as qualified for the same line of business. It should be noticed that the behaviour of No. 1536, who bore the name of Lion, went far to justify the belief that the business of man-hunting has a most soothing and pleasant effect upon the temper. With a most formidable name and character, this dog absolutely lost all dignity in playfulness. Perhaps if there were one duty which would suit him better than another, it would be taking care of children.

It would be impossible to do justice to this Show without a succession of articles, such as it is the custom to bestow upon the Royal Academy, and such articles could not be written unless the Show were kept open long enough to compel the residents in its neighbourhood to acquire the habit of doing without sleep at nights altogether. For many unavoidable omissions in the present notice want of space must be our apology both to the dogs and to their owners. It is, however, an imperative duty to protest against the imputation which has been cast on the class of bull-dogs, that they are ill-tempered. If the critic who made this remark was snapped at by a bull-dog, it is highly probable that the critic gave the provocation. Taking them all through, it would be safer for a stranger to handle the bull-dogs than the Newfoundlanders. Almost the only fault that can be found with this exhibition—at least by those who do not live near it—is that perhaps the managers were too liberal in admitting dogs who had no particular claim to notice. Without going to the cruel extreme of suggesting that a "hanging committee" should be appointed, and instructed to place itself in communication with a sausage-maker, it may be fairly said that some of the classes would bear weeding, and that a class of dogs which cannot be classified is unnecessary. The managers might reserve to themselves the power either of rejecting dogs or, if the owners insisted upon their claims, of putting them into a "free fight," of which the survivors should be admitted, with honourable mention, to the Show.

ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

(Third Notice.)

LANDSCAPE-PAINTING, hitherto the most decidedly national characteristic of our art, is less fully represented in the Exhibition than figure-subjects—partly, perhaps, from the rapid development of the latter branch of art, partly from the peculiar views which appear to have influenced Mr. Frith and his colleagues, and to have led them to exclude from the Academy, or to relegate to floor and ceiling, the works of our younger and less known aspirants. The composition of the Academical Hanging Committee, which contained no landscape-painter, tended naturally to this result; and the fact that it was thus unequally constituted has not failed to attract the attention of those who aim at a reform of this close and ancient corporation. We shall endeavour to do the depressed and the exalted artists more justice than they have received at the hands of the Committee; whilst, at the same time, it must be fully and freely acknowledged that in no branch of the art have the Academicians done themselves so much credit as in the landscapes which bear the respected names of Stanfield, Cooke, Hook, and Creswick.

Several small landscapes, by a fused or blended manner of colouring, and an aim at general effect of tone, give evidence of foreign study on the artists' part. Amongst these, none is more successful than the beautiful little picture representing a boy who, whilst his horse is standing at a brook's edge, throws an apple to a village school-girl below (619). The colours are uncommonly tender and bright, the greys are managed with a skill which all

who have handled a brush will envy, and every line in the little work shows that fresh originality of invention, or that first-hand recurrence to nature, which gives an unmistakable air of masterliness to landscape. The children and horses, although on so small a scale, are studied with a truth and feeling worthy of the fine "Landscape in the Campagna," by which the painter, Mr. G. Mason, won himself distinction at the International Exhibition. Mr. H. Davis appears to have selected Northern France for his field of labour. His "Ambleteuse" (279) is very happy in its broad diffusion of setting sunbeams over the downs and reaches of the Picard coast, so unduly depreciated by tourists impatient for Paris or Geneva. Here also the cattle, driven homeward at evening, are not only as carefully drawn as Mr. S. Cooper's, but are coloured with a warmth and animated by a life to which those of the latter (255) have no pretension. Another capital little work, by Mr. C. J. Lewis, presents Ambleteuse from a different point of view, giving us the village churchyard with its wild weeds and scattered crosses, and the dry, bright flora of the sand-hills. A black-robed and veiled nun concentrates the effect (373). A fourth example, perhaps less markedly French in quality of work than the foregoing, but of much merit in a modest way, is the little "Bird-minder" by Mr. Dearle (507)—a boy very well placed upon a stile, and the crop beyond and weeds in front faithfully and tenderly given. We are confident that no candid judge, looking at art not through Academic glasses, would deny sterling merit to each of these four small works, which, however, like the Holy Stairs at Rome, are accessible only upon the knees; and what we have seen on many previous occasions of the painting of W. Davis of Liverpool, of Mr. Inchbold, Mr. H. Moore, Miss Blunden, Mr. Danby, and several more, gives similar ground for ascribing merit to pictures of which all that the naked eye can discern is that they are pendant, like the swallows' nests at Forres Castle, from different "coigns of vantage" beneath the ceiling. On the other hand, Whistler's effective rough sketch of Westminster Bridge (352), only painted to be looked at from a fair distance, has been good-naturedly put where effectiveness is lost, and roughness alone visible. A nearly similar measure has been dealt to Mr. Anthony's Castle (645), to Mr. M'Allum's forest-scene (336), to Mr. Dillon's grand "Nile Sunset" (341), with its beautifully drawn foreground rushes, and rosy bars of African vapour; and to what, if we could only see it, must be the very remarkable South American view, "Lagoon of Guayaquil" (595), by a French artist, M. Mignot. The misplacement of this work is the more to be regretted, from the extraordinary scarcity, long ago noticed by Humboldt, of truthful and artist-like representations of tropical scenery. Lee's clay-cold landscape, with its flat skies, mechanical foliage, and colourless rocks, and the feeble mannerism of Witherington, meanwhile occupy places to which it is difficult to find any better title than the Academical position of the artists. Of course, no censure or criticism whatever is due, on this account, to the painters just named, whose productions, like all the rest, are under the control of the Hanging Committee. But such, in all ages and in all countries, is the inevitable result of the bad spirit of monopoly. In support of our remarks, we call particular attention to the view of the "Pont du Gard" (322), where—besides an entire and absolute absence of the atmosphere and local tones of Provence—the noble ruin is made to look like a modern railway-bridge, and coloured in a style which would do little credit to a pupil's first year's studies.

Several effective landscapes, besides Mr. Dillon's, are taken from the East. The "Well in the Desert" (336) is bright and careful, and seems to promise favourably for Mr. W. V. Herbert—a younger brother, we believe, of the early-lost and lamented painter of the "Velasquez knighted by Philip." Another picturesque piece of Oriental life, in which also the figures predominate, is the "View in Cairo" by Mr. F. Goodall (166). Neither of these works, however, seems to catch the peculiar qualities of Eastern atmosphere. Indeed, the strange intensity of that broad sunlight, and the pearly brightness of the shadows within streets and houses, are facts so difficult to render, that they have been only attempted within the last few years, and are probably hardly yet recognised as true by spectators to whom they are unfamiliar. One creditable and clever attempt at reproducing the open sky effect may be seen in the little view outside an Algerian village, by Mr. Robertson (26), near the floor. This work has that unmistakable stamp of truth upon it which we noticed above, when speaking of Mr. Mason's "Catch." The scarcely less difficult phenomenon of Oriental *shadow-light* has been most elaborately and delicately dealt with by Mr. Gale and Mr. Lewis, in Nos. 403 and 158. Indeed, the handling of the "Weeping-place in Jerusalem" has been, as in other pictures by the same elegant pencil, carried almost to over-finish in its minuteness. The figures are drawn with great care, and the strange architecture of the ancient wall is skilfully discriminated. Mr. Lewis's "Frank Halt in the Desert"—substantially a reproduction in oil of his magnificent drawing in the Water-Colour Exhibition of a few years back—is wrought out with such subtle truth of design, and coloured with a skill so extraordinary, that one can hardly help wishing these powers devoted to a subject of larger interest. Here almost the whole scene is in shadow, yet full of pervading light. If the spectator cares to isolate it from its gaudy neighbours, he will find that very few of the sunlight pictures exhibited can bear competition with it in real inner brilliancy. When will any one do similar justice to the thousand astonishing subjects offered by our Indian scenery? It is unpleasant, but necessary, to add that the position of these two works, and of the excellent barn-door

fowl pictures of Mr. Carter and Mr. Huggins (226 and 548), are additional examples of this year's misarrangement. The last-named picture may be classed with the "Wassail" of Mr. J. E. Newton (630: "On your Knees again"!) These are among the most finely-wrought and richly-coloured canvasses on the walls, and bear all the signs of honest execution.

Wolf has two animal designs, exhibiting the well-known accuracy and feeling which have given him so high a rank amongst our naturalists—viz. "Wapiti Deer" (631), not very pleasant in colour; and the clever and humorous "Row in a Jungle" (769). This last is a water-colour sketch in the ante-room, representing the tiger taking his walks abroad, accompanied by a shivering and grinning array of monkeys, who are swinging along from bough to bough above him, and follow his steps like courtiers or senators in attendance on an Emperor, chattering and imitating, believing and trembling.

When such members of the Academy as Hook, Stanfield, and Cooke crowd the line, no one need grudge the space, or address indignant remonstrances to the Royal Commissioners. Our readers would not thank us for verbal descriptions of the three scenes from the Scilly Islands which we this year owe to Hook—the "Sailor's Wedding," "Prawn Catchers," and "Leaving at Low Water." Each of these charming works has qualities at once so refined and so obvious to common admiration that there is little need of criticism. The "Wedding" is, perhaps, the most successful in its poetical, yet practical, representation of human feeling. The "Low Water" may have the most tenderness in the sky, and the most of beauty in the green and azure waves of the lovely bay between Bryher and Treco. Some want of accuracy in drawing the figure (and, in the "Low Water," in the proportions of the boat at the pier's end) may be observed; but the freshness and charm of the idea and the execution appeal to us, almost too strongly, to overlook these deficiencies in the sight of so much excellence. Few, however, but those who have visited this interesting group of islands, in many points reminding us of the islands of the Ægean, can do justice to the admirable fidelity with which Mr. Hook has caught the peculiar features of the little Archipelago. One wide bay, shallow, and hence calm, is enclosed by the low green masses of the larger islands; long peninsulas of sand and rock run out into this, and are here and there ended by loftier cairn-like hills; whilst, on the outermost circuit, stretch towering or jagged lines of scattered reef, against which the Atlantic beats in almost constant wrath. White cottages are scattered on the larger members of the group, and the hill-sides are clothed with fern and heath, interspersed with gray boulders. Many of these features will be seen in Mr. Hook's three pictures, and we heartily rejoice that he has transferred his easel to so new and picturesque a region. It is by such changes as this that poets, amongst whom we class him, renew their strength, and fulfil their office of interpreting Nature. But he has left much, and that of grander and sterner character, as yet untouched. We trust that this summer may find him employed amongst the strange boulders beyond the village of St. Mary's, or the wild Titanic castle which Nature has built, in her own inimitable architecture, beyond the high crest of Bryher, where the great bay lies open to the west, and the sun sinks in the heavy Atlantic behind vast masses of insulated rock, scattered along the horizon like a fleet, and fringed by incessant breakers.

If Hook is reckoned one of our greatest masters of effect, Cooke's work will take somewhat similar rank in regard to precision; yet the gorgeous sunset of his Venetian picture (585) shows no lack of command (though command deficient in subtlety) over colour. The passage on the right, at the entrance of the Grand Canal, should be specially noticed. But his most remarkable contribution is the noble view of "Catalan Bay, Gibraltar" (415), which, for amount of natural detail and for careful drawing, probably has no equal in this year's exhibition. Here the artist has had the courage to take as his central feature a vast slope of sand, which runs in a delicate curve from the lofty crag till it meets the green sparkle of the sea. The conchoidal ripples of the sand stream, with the varied features of the cliff, and the magnificent boulders which have apparently found their way to the beach in the convulsion which caused the slip, are rendered with Mr. Cooke's well-known scientific accuracy. He has been equally successful in the drawing of the boating-gear and the nets strewn for drying, which lead the eye from the foreground by long and subtle sweeps to the centre. It is, however, the weak side of this "topographical" treatment of landscape that the interest often fails to be centralized, and the minute and somewhat hard finish which the artist gives to every part of his work perhaps rather adds to this defect. Mr. Cooke's "Scheveling" (230), and Mr. Beechey's "Bay of Biscay" (550), are good specimens of firm and careful sea-painting. The dreary drifting waves of the latter are especially faithful and impressive. No seas in motion, however, seem to us to equal those which Mr. Stanfield has so often painted, and painted with such increasing tenderness and truth that the work of his advanced years ranks far higher, in poetical quality, than the admirably drawn but rather hard paintings with which his name is generally associated. Those fine qualities which placed his "Abandoned" so high are fully seen in the "Morning of Trafalgar" (123) and the "Worm's Head" (374). The latter is a noble rock, rising like a tower above the Bristol Channel, on the coast of Caermarthenshire; but the interest of the picture lies more in sky and sea than in the Head itself. The light gray of the nearer waters is beautifully managed. Over this comes a dark and troubled sea-horizon, and then a haze

of drifting rain-clouds, in which the approaching shift of the wind is expressed with much skill. The "Trafalgar" is painted with similar breadth and tenderness. We cannot help expressing a strong wish that Mr. Stanfield should be employed to paint this or some similar design amongst the frescoes at Westminster. It would be mere pedantry which would refuse to such a work the title of Historical, in the truest sense of that often-abused epithet. And it is difficult to overrate the value which such a monument of our present landscape art would have, centuries hence, if executed in the durable process which Mr. Maclise has employed with so much effect in his magnificent works.

Roberts, Creswick, and the elder Linnell send pictures of the quality with which they have for many years familiarized us. Their manner is hence apt to disappoint those whose aim in art, as in fashion, is novelty; but it may safely be predicted that, whatever limitations in skill we may be disposed to allow in their respective styles, their absence would be greatly missed. Two Surrey landscapes, by Mr. Redgrave (220 and 311), and the "Autumnal Evening," by Mr. V. Cole (131), are excellent specimens of true English views, very delicately felt and painted. The figures in Mr. Redgrave's work are apt to interfere with the general effect sought. We wish that the solemn and glowing "Sunrise over St. Paul's," by Mr. A. Severn (289), had been hung so as to permit a comparison with Mr. Roberts's picture of the "Cathedral, seen from the West" (114), the best, in our judgment, of the rather hasty and superficial series by which he has lately illustrated river-side London.

PERMANENT BURLESQUE.

THERE are several sanguine persons who, in spite of all evidence to the contrary, are determined to believe that a change for the better in the condition of the stage is on the very point of taking place, and that a good time is all but come, when a man who has written a five-act tragedy will command the respect of his fellow-citizens. Shakspeare, of course, will always be unrivalled; but then Southerne and Rowe were deemed very clever fellows in their day, and for a long time afterwards; and surely we, who have read Byron and Shelley, and Scott and Tennyson, may turn out some article better than any manufactured by those poets of the last century who lived amid an entourage of perrivigs and high-heeled shoes. If we turn over the leaves of an English tragedy written between the dates of the Restoration and the French Revolution, it is for the sake of convincing ourselves that we have risen far above that intellectual condition in which the nobles and wits of the land could conceive such mere fustian to be genuine poetry. Those who at the present day can endure to read Dryden's *Conquest of Granada*, for instance, merely regard it as a burlesque unconsciously written, and find amusement in laughing at the poet who has gained such high respect by his satirical, lyrical, and narrative pieces. Nevertheless, the unpleasant truth is forced upon us, that however ill the poetical plays that followed the Restoration may accord with our æsthetic notions, they commanded an amount of respect among literary men which is not now attainable by any stage-play whatever. The modern public shrinks instinctively from tragedy, not because it thinks pity and terror unpleasant emotions, for it will gladly be frightened out of its wits by some new scenic effect, but because it feels that three hours passed in listening to a few stately personages who talk solemn verse are insufferably dull. No question of taste is at issue. It would not make the slightest difference to a modern audience whether the poetry spoken on the stage were of the school of Addison or of Shelley. A large quantity of serious verse, and a long continuity of the demand for serious attention, are now-a-days quite sufficient to kindle a liberal catholic spirit of aversion, that ignores all differences of school or style. The public has lost its belief in the higher drama, and though, when Mr. Charles Kean comes to town, it will crowd to witness his representations of Shakspeare's characters, it has no faith in new dramatic poetry. There is no doubt that early in the last century, when a new tragedy by Southerne or Rowe was announced, all the wits of the town were in a state of excitement, and were prepared to discuss the merits of the forthcoming work as something that was likely long to influence the literary world. Without some feeling of that sort, the poets could not have got a hearing for their plays any more than they can get a hearing now.

Among the causes that deaden our appetite for the poetical drama is set down, with great plausibility, the prevalence of burlesque. When every tragical situation is constantly used as an expedient for mirth, when every harrowing passion is so represented as to excite roars of laughter, it is obvious that the public, habituated to regard all dramatic collisions from a ridiculous point of view, will very likely carry about with it a remembrance of the jest when it goes to witness a serious performance. After all, the sympathy excited by the finest tragedy is, to a certain extent, artificial. *Hamlet* is even less to the spectator than *Hecuba* was to the player, and everybody in a play-house, with the exception of a child or two, knows that he is not killed in reality. No power of burlesquing could make fun out of an actual railway accident in which a score of lives were lost; but an artificial grief may as easily support mirth as melancholy, and when it has long been associated with the former, the process of dissociation is not so easy. There are a thousand ways to the ridiculous besides that step from the sublime of which the proverb speaks, and the gates of every one of

them will open at the slightest touch. Nay, in an age which prides itself on a suppression of deep feeling, laughter may even become a merry expression of stoicism.

With the conviction that burlesque destroys what may be called the tragic sense, is linked the wish that the taste for it may soon expire; and as wishes have been fathers to thoughts, at least since the days when Henry IV. discovered the paternity, so do the sanguine persons who long for an elevation of the drama rush at the belief that every new burlesque is but as the flicker of an expiring flame. Those who mix in circles where theatrical affairs form a frequent topic of conversation are sure to hear the remark that the public is getting tired of burlesque, and equally sure are they to find, if they look at the playbills, that a burlesque is acted every night at one or other of the theatres. Once the production of this grotesque form of drama was confined to holiday seasons, especially Easter. Now, on the contrary, the burlesque is a permanent institution that is expected to last all the year round. The Strand Theatre scarcely looks in a normal condition unless some work from the pen of Mr. H. J. Byron is conspicuously announced in its bills; and within the last week or so, unconnected with any holiday whatever, a burlesque on *Il Trovatore* by the same prolific writer was brought out at the Adelphi.

We are sorry to damp virtuous hopes, but we cannot avoid the conviction that burlesque is very tenacious of vitality. As the proverbial cat can lose eight of its lives and still frisk merrily in full enjoyment of the ninth, so can burlesque die out in many shapes and thrive wonderfully in another. That old burlesque which is wholly devoted to the ridicule of tragedy, and was chiefly represented by *Tom Thumb* and *Bombastes Furioso*, has been dead years ago; but immediately after its decease the grotesque spirit animated the fairy extravaganzas of Mr. Planché, putting aside its irreverence and abandoning several vulgar habits; and when Mr. Robson first appeared at the Olympic, it was ready at his bidding to return to mock tragedy. Burlesque was also found to be a fitting vehicle for puns, and sarcastic allusions to topics of the day. As there was no serious interest to be spoiled by digressions, and anachronism was rather acceptable than otherwise, the personages might talk as the author pleased, without the slightest regard to dramatic consistency.

Then, again, burlesque is easily associated with music; and such is the vagueness of its character that there is scarcely a limit to the kinds of music with which the association may take place. The many tunes which, sometimes agreeable in themselves, are commonly sung to offensive words at the Music Halls, first reach the ears of respectable persons when they are fitted to harmless and often witty verses in a theatrical extravaganza; and if a young lady wishes to test her proficiency in the higher kind of operatic singing, without incurring too heavy a responsibility, a burlesque may be so contrived as to afford her the very opportunity she wants. It is obvious that the new burlesque, *Il Trovatore*, has chiefly been produced at the Adelphi for the sake of Misses Carey and Sara Nelson, two young vocalists who play Manrico and Leonora, not so much for the sake of being funny as for the display of their musical talents. They could not have supported a *bona fide* opera, but their occasional bravuras please a great many persons; and those who do not take interest in feats of vocalization have plenty to amuse them in the drollery of Mr. Toole as Azucena the gipsy.

Here, again, we have another source of vitality in burlesque. Mr. Robson discovered several years since, that in performing mock tragedy, it was possible closely to approach the sphere of the really terrible and pathetic without actually touching it, and, after thus screwing up the audience to something like serious attention, to produce a roar by a sudden reversion to the openly ludicrous. Mr. Toole has availed himself of Mr. Robson's discovery, and, though less spontaneous than his prototype, has worked out the principle of sham pathos with an amount of care and conscientiousness that is altogether his own. He sings well, dances well, and even when most grotesque evinces a keen perception of human nature. The exact qualities that he displays in burlesque could not be exhibited in any other form of drama; and when so much histrionic excellence has closely combined itself with a certain class of performance, it is scarcely reasonable to expect that the class itself will readily become extinct. That the taste for burlesquing Shakspeare has almost ceased, we are inclined to believe, and we are willing to attribute its decline to that growing veneration for the national poet to which we referred on another occasion. But the feeling that rises against the desecration of a particular object of reverence will be tardily awakened by a covert attack on seriousness in general. It is nobody's business to resent a parody of *Il Trovatore*, or a ludicrous treatment of an Arabian tale, for the sake of a broad æsthetic principle.

Another charm of burlesque consists in the curiously artificial language to which it has given rise, and which so abounds in intricacies that an experienced play-goer may derive from the study of a soliloquy a pleasure similar to that felt by a Greek scholar who puzzles out a dark chorus in *Æschylus*. It is no uncommon occurrence, during the performance of a modern burlesque, for at least half a minute to elapse between the utterance of a joke and the laughter to which it gives rise, reminding one of the interval which takes place between the flash from the gun in a distant ship and the boom of the report; nor does the lapse imply a want of skill in the poet or a lack of quick apprehension in the audience. He has set his hearers a problem which cannot be solved without a slight expenditure of time, and, the solution effected, the roar

that proclaims the fact expresses self-complacency as well as admiration. The peculiarity of the modern burlesque language, of which Mr. H. J. Byron is the leading professor, consists in such an arrangement of words that groups of syllables, perhaps as many as four in number, are echoed by groups of similar dimensions. The larger the groups thus corresponding to each other, and the more frequent their occurrence, the greater is the ingenuity of the poet; but to perform his task at all he claims a licence far beyond that accorded to ordinary punsters. Only a proximate resemblance of vowels is required; consonants uttered by the same organ may be used as equivalents for each other; the terminating letter of one word may be regarded as the initial of the next; and further, all the resources of the Cockney or Irish dialects may be employed to force reluctant sounds into the desired similarity.

The following soliloquy, which is taken from Mr. Byron's burlesque *Beautiful Haidee*, and is supposed to be uttered by the pirate's daughter after a storm, may be regarded as an easy passage:—

The sea is mild as any soothing lotion—
What was commotion is now all calm ocean;
Peaceful its froth and bubble once again,
As quiet country or as still champagne—
Some horse marine has quite combed down the main.
Nature has smiled now for a good half-hour,
And it's as mild as after a spring shower.
The little birds are caroling on high,
And laying down their matins in the sky.
The sun lights all up with its silvery sheen,
And, as rude urchins have it—all's serene.

The candidate for a mere degree might be allowed to pass if he pointed out all the corresponding words in half a score of passages like the above; but he who went in for honours should be tested by a dozen extracts like the following, in which the speakers are the beautiful Haidee and a slave to whose care she is entrusted:—

HAIDEE. All Nature's glad, and I alone am sad.

Why am I prisoner kept? it is too bad!
Never allowed into the world to go,
To Ball, to Opera, or Fancy Show,
Or Fête of Horticulture, or a—

MULEY. Stay!

You are a naughty gal ter talk that way.

HAIDEE. Hope's rays through my cell's windows seldom loom 'em (?)
My limbs to chains you doom 'em.

MULEY.

Yes we do, mum.

HAIDEE. Haidee kept close where no one can intrude is,
In her room moved is, with no books from *Mudie's*.
Hers is a case which surely should be pitied;
The *Family Herald* even's not admitted.

MULEY.

I am your *Family Herald*, and you see
It's quite impossible to take in me;
The law made by your 'pa must be obey'd,
By you and also by your par-lor maid;
I name no names.

HAIDEE.

He's looking hard at you,

It's plain he means you, Zoe.

MULEY.

Zo-he-do.

But in neither case is the candidate to be provided with a printed copy of the passages, especially with one in which italics are employed. To enable him to show the degree of proficiency expected in an occupant of the stalls during the performance of a burlesque, the words must be read to him rather rapidly than otherwise, and he must be required to laugh at the right places.

The artificial arrangement of words into the shape of an egg or a pair of wings, affected by some of the Greek epigrammatists, had as much to do with legitimate punning as many of the combinations we have just exhibited; but nevertheless, it must be admitted that thirty printed pages—the average length of a burlesque—cannot be covered with dialogue written in this artificial language without great ingenuity, and likewise great labour on the part of the author, who has, moreover, to contrive effective situations, to choose popular tunes, to touch lightly on leading topics, and to fit the talents of particular actors. Of all the dramatists that write in a non-literary period of the stage, the burlesque writer works the hardest at his dialogue, and exhibits the greatest command over language; and when Mr. Byron has produced his six or eight burlesques per annum (including introductions to pantomimes) for the amusement of the best audiences in London, we are bound to admit that he has performed no easy task.

The modern burlesque is a vehicle for scenic splendour, for singing, for dancing, for a peculiar kind of acting, for political satire, for verbal pleasantry; and not only are all these means of recreation acceptable to the modern public, but, to suit the varying caprices of fashion, any one of them may be rendered predominant at the expense of the rest. With so many elements of vitality at command, why should we believe that burlesque will speedily die out?

RECENT CONCERTS.

THE three Societies expressly formed for the performance of orchestral music have this year been more than usually careful in the selection of their programmes. The music has deviated somewhat from the beaten track, and the novelties have been very welcome indeed. How far the excellent concerts at the Crystal Palace, with which Herr Manns delights the season ticket-holders every Saturday, may have contributed to this result, need not be too curiously examined; but they have certainly led the way in the production of music by new composers, and of music by the acknowledged masters which has hitherto been unknown. The old Philharmonic, which this season has entered its fifty-first

year, is recovering from the effects of the desertion of the major part of its orchestra three years back, and the new players are beginning to play together with that precision and completeness which constant association alone can give. The last three concerts have had the advantage of the presence of the Royal Family, and greater pains had evidently been taken to ensure success. Professor Bennett's Festival Overture, composed to celebrate the Society's Jubilee Concert last year, has been one of the novelties, and much improves on acquaintance. Like all this eminent musician's music, it is elegant and artistic, wanting perhaps a strongly marked individuality, but containing nothing commonplace or tricky. Beethoven's music to Goethe's *Egmont* formed a prominent part of one concert—not, however, till it had been given at the Crystal Palace. It is singular that it should have been so long unknown, or unheard, in this country.

The New Philharmonic, or rather Dr. Wylde's Orchestral Concerts, have now reached their thirteenth season, and provide the same kind of entertainment as the old Society, at a cheaper rate. The orchestra is, perhaps, superior to the Philharmonic, but Dr. Wylde is not quite the conductor to make the most of his forces. He caters, however, very liberally, and his programmes have been well chosen, and have included several pieces new to his audiences. The four concerts of the Musical Society are among the very best orchestral performances now to be heard in London. The band is nearly identical with that of the Italian Opera, and Mr. Mellon is almost, if not quite, as good a conductor as their usual leader, Signor Costa. The Society, however, has made but small efforts to carry out the scheme on which it was founded. The two other Societies were supposed to be given up exclusively to the established symphonies and orchestral pieces of the known composers. The Musical Society proposed to devote its concerts principally to new works, and to afford untried men a hearing. It is not, however, till its fourth season that we have the first and only attempt at a decided novelty—a new symphony by M. Silas. This symphony won considerable favour, and parts of it show originality of idea, although reminiscences of Spohr and Mendelssohn are not wanting. The scherzo is, perhaps, the most pleasing movement of the four of which the symphony is composed. The finale, however, has more of the character of the quick movement of an operatic overture than of the close of a classical symphony, and the use of the cornet has a decidedly vulgar effect. Our ears may in time become accustomed to the introduction of this instrument into the scores of the more lofty style of composition, but at present it sounds out of place when found away from the footlights or a military band. Why should these three Societies crowd all their concerts into the three or four spring months, and leave the rest of the year barren of good orchestral music? It is quite certain there is an audience in London who would fill one of our concert rooms weekly if orchestral concerts were given, selected and carried out with the same judgment and liberality that distinguish the Monday Popular Concerts. The price, of course, could not be made so low, but for half-a-crown a most excellent entertainment might be provided for the many lovers of good orchestral music. Some stir in this direction seems to be making, as a company is advertised which proposes to divert the Alhambra from its present uses, and convert it into a real Music Hall, where Herr Manns' admirable band may be heard without taking a journey to Sydenham, and catching cold into the bargain. It is worth, however, an occasional catarrh to enjoy the excellent music which Herr Manns directs, during the months from November to May, at the Crystal Palace. Peculiar as is his manner of conducting, he contrives to convey his meaning to his band most completely; and for delicacy, and attention to light and shade, the Crystal Palace orchestra is unsurpassed. The addition of a few more stringed instruments would make it perfect. If the new scheme is carried out, and Herr Manns brings to London the same energy, research, and judgment which he has displayed at Sydenham, we may hope for some most attractive concerts of good music, not only in the spring, but all the year round.

The Crystal Palace opened its new season on the 1st of May with a monster performance of *Athalie*; but we cannot consider the result a great success. Mendelssohn's music, and we believe all modern music, must be shorn of a vast deal of its effect in so vast a space. The "Priest's March" was the only thing that created any enthusiasm. This was superbly played and loudly encored. If it is meant to have these monster meetings, musicians should compose pieces expressly with a view to the capabilities of the place. Broad sustained passages can be given there with a force which a more limited space renders overpowering; but delicate instrumentation, and above all, any solo singing, is quite thrown away. The two Marches composed by Meyerbeer and Auber for the opening of the Exhibition last year were included in the programme; but, as on that occasion, the immense space was fatal to their thorough enjoyment. On the same evening, Madame Goldschmidt quitted her retirement to aid a failing charity. Besides the interest she always excites by her own performance, Madame Goldschmidt had chosen for her programme one of Handel's Cantatas, which probably not one of her audience had ever heard in its integrity. While our Choral Societies are in search of works of sustained interest, we wonder they do not oftener turn their attention to Handel's Cantatas, especially to *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*. There is, of course, a good deal of his Oratorio manner in his treatment of the choruses, but there is a wealth of melody in the whole work

which should rescue it from neglect. Madame Goldschmidt was singing better than on any of the occasions when she has been lately heard, and the only cause of regret is that her appearances should be so few and far between.

The Monday Popular Concerts still continue their course of well-deserved popularity. Herr Joachim has disappointed his many admirers by remaining in Germany this season, so that for the last month M. Vieuxtemps has been the leader of the quartet; but on Monday a new violinist, Herr Japha, took the first violin in a programme devoted wholly to Mendelssohn. The Choral Societies seem to have lost their hold somewhat on public sympathy. The Vocal Association and Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir both fly to some extraneous assistance to fill their concert-rooms. Now it is Mr. Sims Reeves, now a body of harps. The Vocal Association, however, has introduced two pleasing cantatas, fitted, perhaps, rather for the drawing than the concert room, by Mr. Allen and Miss Gabriel. Mr. Leslie has also increased the *répertoire* of his choir by several new part songs, but, like most modern compositions, they would be better if the melody were more clear and more unlike what has been heard before. The harp, long neglected, has come into vogue during the last few months as the national instrument of the Welsh; and, owing perhaps to the excitement which the Prince and Princess of Wales have created, we have had Welsh music in all shapes from gentlemen and ladies who append to their ordinary names a collection of unpronounceable consonants without a vowel to keep them company. Of Miss Wynne's singing we can, however, speak in terms of warm praise; as a ballad singer, she is promising in a high degree. Encouraged by the success which has attended these harp concerts, Mr. Ap. Thomas has given three "recitals," in which the novel plan is adopted of allowing the audience to choose the pieces to be played on the harp from a selection printed on the programmes.

The idea of making concerts illustrate the development of a particular composer or style of composition has been found so successful that there are several of such courses now in progress. The pianoforte affords great facilities for this species of musical entertainment. Mr. Charles Halle, after devoting two years to Beethoven, has this year extended his programme, but he still plays something of his favourite composer at each concert, and thus enables his listeners to compare various forms of treatment and to observe the improvements which Beethoven introduced. Herr Pauer has taken a more ambitious subject, and is giving, in a course of six concerts, a history of the writers and compositions for the pianoforte, and of the instrument itself; and on Monday M. Thalberg gave the first of his four *Matinées*. He was playing with the same ease and perfect mastery over apparently impossible passages which have always distinguished him. We may here mention that a new pianist, Mr. Dannreuther, has appeared at one of the Crystal Palace Concerts, whose taste, style, and touch place him at once in the foremost rank of living performers on the instrument.

Of the vast crowd of ordinary concerts it is impossible to speak. They generally present no single feature of interest beyond the hacknied opera scenes or popular ballads. They seem to serve their purpose, however, to the concert givers, since season after season the same number of announcements crowd the windows of the music-shops and the columns of the *Times*; and if they do not advance either a pure taste or any real knowledge of music, they certainly enable our country cousins to hear, or say they have heard, most of the stars of the musical world. To the singers themselves, however, this perpetual round of the same old music cannot but be detrimental, and it tends to render the introduction of new ideas in music a task of considerable difficulty. This exercises a very discouraging influence upon composers, and for this reason we should not be sorry to see the host of ordinary concerts replaced by a few upon which some pains and some thought had been bestowed.

REVIEWS.

GIBBON.*

IT has become a sort of fashion to assert that knowledge which is not derived from original study is worthless, that ordinary histories are little more than handbooks or abridgments, and that those who are not in a position to carry their studies beyond such works will never obtain any knowledge worth having. The best answer to such observations is to be found in studying the books against which they are directed. The common sense of mankind has, as a matter of fact, adjudged to them a high rank in literature, and no competent reader can fairly give his mind to them without perceiving that the common sense of mankind is right. Gibbon's History is, perhaps, the greatest work of the kind that ever was written. When the vastness of the plan, the nature of its execution, and the sort of instruction which it affords are all taken into account—and it requires more than one attentive reading of the whole book to form an adequate conception of them—the mind receives a deep impression of the importance of a great book, and of the effects which may be produced by the

* History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.

concentration upon one great object of powers which, though perhaps not extraordinary either in quantity or quality, were certainly considerable, and were used with consummate judgment.

The first point which attracts attention in the History of the Decline and Fall is its general plan. It must, in all probability, have grown upon the author by degrees as the work itself proceeded; but it was a wonderful feat of that high form of imagination which is indispensable to the authors of scientific discoveries as much as to poets and painters, to see that such a work was possible, and to seize a point of view from which Christianity, Mahometanism, Roman Law, the irruptions of the different hordes of barbarians, and the politics of the Persian Empire might all be regarded as parts of one whole. There is hardly any important fact in the history of mankind during the thousand years which constitute the period of transition from the ancient to the modern world which does not enter more or less into the plan of Gibbon's work; yet, in reading it through, the mind is not made disagreeably conscious of any solution of continuity. Every chapter appears to fit into its proper place, and to stand in its due relation to the rest of the work. A few words will recall the principal features of this vast plan and show its general symmetry.

The Roman Empire, as established by Augustus and extended by some of his successors, included all that part of the world of which the ancients had any definite knowledge. The political system which they established was in its full vigour in the time of Hadrian and the Antonines, and so continued, with interruptions and occasional internal and personal revolutions, for some centuries. Its rivals were Persia on the East, and the barbarians on the North; but the interruptions to the general tranquillity produced by these Powers were for a great length of time exceptional. The most remarkable effect of its unity, and that which contributed most powerfully to its maintenance, was the system of Roman law. The existence of so vast a power, the uniformity of government and of sentiment which it produced, and the general intercourse between different parts of the Empire which it favoured, gave an opportunity to the Christian Church of forming a State within the State upon its own principles, under its own laws, and administered by its own officers. By degrees, the Church superseded the State, converted the Emperors, and indirectly caused the change of the seat of government to Constantinople; whilst the irruptions of horde after horde of barbarians into different provinces of the Empire, by breaking up the old political constitution, left the ecclesiastical constitution to ally itself with the new Governments, and ultimately to establish a spiritual dominion over them, animated to a great extent by the spirit of the old Roman Empire, and closely analogous to its form. Whilst this process was calling into existence a new political system throughout the whole of the Western world, the Eastern branch of the Empire was continually being diminished by the attacks of its enemies, the barbarians and the Persian Empire. At last the Mahometan power arose, and added to the list of its antagonists the one under which it was finally to succumb. It substituted for its ancient Persian rivals an enemy far more enterprising and infinitely more dangerous. By degrees, the inexhaustible hordes of the North and the desperate fanaticism of the South washed away province after province, till Constantinople alone, with a small amount of territory, stood for the Empire of the East. Its fall was for a time delayed by the Crusades, but at last, on the 29th of May 1453—just 410 years ago—it was stormed and taken by Mahomet II., and with it fell the last vestige of the Roman Empire, though a sort of parody of some of its titles was maintained by the Emperors of Germany till it was swept away by Napoleon.

This, in a few words, is the subject of Gibbon's great work. Of the way in which it is executed there is but one opinion. No book has been more eagerly criticized by more unfavourable judges, and in none have fewer serious mistakes been discovered. Considering the vast variety of subjects which the work embraces—political and ecclesiastical history, theology, Roman law, the origin of the Mahometan religion, the Crusades, the history of barbarians of every description, from the Goths who invaded the Empire in the third century to Genghis Khan and Timour who were the terror of the thirteenth and fourteenth—this is a wonderful success. One of his German critics, Schlosser, has observed, apparently with the intention of depreciating his greatness, that Gibbon had wonderful dexterity in making use of the labours of others, and that much of his book is founded, not on original study, but on the compilations of others from the original authorities. This may very possibly be true. Gibbon's own journals show that hardly any kind of reading pleased him better than that of monographs, as they would be called in our days. The Memoirs, for instance, of the Academy of Inscriptions was one of his favourite books. This, however, only shows that he possessed in a remarkable degree one of the most valuable gifts which can belong to an historian—the gift, namely, of forming a sound judgment as to the value of his authorities. If he had tried to make for himself all the collections which were required for his book, his life would not have been long enough for the purpose. The slight importance of the mistakes which have been discovered in it show with what judgment he availed himself of the researches of others. If it is a reproach to use them, it is difficult to see what is the use of making them.

No moderately competent critic would think of denying the general merits of Gibbon's history, but the question is sometimes

asked, what, after all, can be learnt from it by those who are not going to use it as an index which will enable them to turn to the authorities upon some one of the subjects to which it refers, and which they may want to study in detail? How is an ordinary reader substantially wiser than he was at first when he has read the whole story from the days of Augustus to those of Mahomet II.? This is not altogether an idle question, for it must be owned that there are a considerable number of histories—for instance, the old Universal History—which, when they are read, leave on the mind no impression whatever except that of a directory somewhat enlarged, and filled with strange names, instead of familiar ones. What is the difference between the history which enriches the mind, and the almanack which merely fills it with the driest kind of sawdust? The answer can hardly be given in general terms, but it may be suggested by specifying a few of the chief reflections which Gibbon's history suggests, not to a professional historian or student, but to an ordinary reader.

The first, and perhaps the most obvious, of these observations is, that there is in many respects a strong analogy between the time in which we are now living, and the time when the Roman Empire was first consolidated, though there are many vital differences between the two. The process which has been carried on at a rapidly progressive rate since the French Revolution, of throwing the whole civilized world into one vast community, animated by much the same spirit, in search of the same or similar objects, and recognising on the whole the same moral standard, is very much like the process which moulded all the nations round the Mediterranean into a single great body, of which Rome was the heart. Of course the independence of the different European nations at once establishes a vital distinction between modern Europe and the Roman Empire; but the obvious tendency of events is to diminish that difference, except in so far as it relates to the internal character of each separate nation. The cant of the Peace Society, and of the sentimental writers who advocated its views, has fallen out of fashion, and this is one reason for insisting on the fact that there is every reason to believe that European wars will become rarer and rarer, and may at no very distant period be unknown. There are some outstanding quarrels to be fought out, and it would be rash indeed to guess how long the process may take, but Europe is evidently tending to a state of stable equilibrium. Indeed, its disturbances are composed with more ease, and excited with more difficulty, than was formerly the case; and during our long intervals of repose, the degree of intercourse between country and country is infinitely greater than it ever was in old times. Suppose, for the sake of argument, that this state of things became permanent—that the great leading nations fixed upon forms of government suited to their wants and wishes, and that there was an unlimited degree of intercourse for all purposes between them—we should have come back to something very like the Roman Empire, that great historical tableland on to which mankind by degrees emerged, after climbing up rough mountain sides in fifty different places.

No doubt the differences between our own state and theirs are both striking and profound. In the first place, Christianity was then struggling into existence. It has now been acting on the world for eighteen hundred years. We have infinitely more freedom and infinitely more knowledge than they, and thus there is every reason to suppose that the general standard of happiness in our times would in any event be far higher than it ever was under the Roman Empire; but it is not the less true that there is much general resemblance between the form into which our prospects appear to be falling, and that into which the prospects of what was then the civilized world actually did fall when the Empire was established. To reach a stationary condition is the vision always before the eyes of philosophers in our days. For several centuries during the early part of the Roman Empire, considerable parts of Europe actually enjoyed a stationary condition. Nothing is more remarkable in Gibbon than the way in which large countries altogether fall out of history for great lengths of time. What, for instance, happened in Spain between the Christian era and the invasion of the Vandals in the early part of the fifth century? For the whole of these four hundred years we know nothing or next to nothing about it, and nearly the same may be said of such of the other provinces of the Empire as were protected by their situation from the misfortunes which afflicted the frontiers. If we consider for a moment what a space of time four centuries is—if we remember that it includes in our own history the whole interval between Henry VI. and this 26th year of the reign of Queen Victoria, that it includes the whole of the periods of the Tudors, the Stuarts, the House of Brunswick and our own century—that it has seen the population of England increased at least five or six fold, and its riches increased perhaps five hundred fold—we get some sort of measure of the strange immobility which appears to have brooded over large portions of the civilized world during that portion of their history. With unbroken peace, light taxation, and great internal resources, it would seem that population and wealth at all events must have increased in Spain during those four hundred years. Did they increase? If so, why did the fact leave so few traces behind it? If not, why not? Somewhat similar questions suggest themselves as to our own country. It is clear enough that, whilst Britain was a Roman province, it was both populous and rich. It contained towns and roads. It had considerable commerce, yet we know literally nothing about its history. We do not even know

that it had a history. Are we to suppose that during this long period human life underwent a sort of stagnation; and if it did, ought we to look forward to a similar result in our own time from the same tendency to a general state of equilibrium?

The moral and intellectual movement of the period in question took a direction by no means unlike that which some of our inquiries are taking in the present day. The great thing done by mankind during the long repose which the Roman Empire secured to them in certain respects, was the reduction of the Christian religion to the form into which it had to be thrown in order to take the command of the new world which was about to be born. Though no man had less sympathy than Gibbon for religion in any shape, it forms, after all, the great feature in his book—a feature all the more impressive because the author himself disliked it so much. Nothing can be more instructive than his speculations on the reasons why Christianity prevailed, or than his portraits—quietly spiteful as a rule, yet never shown to be founded on absolute perversions (of fact—of the men who were the leaders in the development of Christian doctrine and the establishment of the Christian Church. His very dislike of the men, his obvious preference for the comparatively few persons distinguished in secular careers who sometimes appear upon the dreary stage, makes the true nature of the case more apparent. To say, as some of Gibbon's opponents in the last century used to say, that nothing could account for the success of Christianity except the theory that the early Christians had all gone through the process of being converted by arguments like Paley's *Evidences*, is absurd. The truth obviously is, that the whole current of events had brought prominently before men's minds, and pressed on their attention, those great problems of which Christianity offers a solution. It was almost the only subject—except, indeed, the practical art of government as embodied in law—in which they were disposed to take an interest under the circumstances in which they were placed. The result of the wars and conquests by which the Empire was formed had been to bring the whole civilized world into one body politic, under a form of government which left little room for patriotism, and made apparently no demands on the affections of its subjects. The different provinces were closely connected by trade; no one of them had any such current history, so to speak, as to enlist the affections of the population; and the course of life, as it was regulated by the institutions of Rome, would seem to have been harsh and dry. To people so situated, and filled with the eager passions which have always distinguished Europeans from Asiatics, the moral attractions of Christianity must have been irresistible. Except to that small minority which exists in all countries, and which has a pedantic love for existing laws and established institutions, Christianity was the only object which could win affection. The double attraction of an austere moral code and of a limited but powerful philanthropy was quite enough to win over all the more powerful and ardent minds, whilst it could impose its own terms on the lukewarm majority. In order to understand the force of the appeal which Christianity made to men's feelings and understandings in those days, we must combine with the influences which it exercises at present something of that indignation against a whole world lying in wickedness which gave so vehement an impulse and so strange a charm to the French Revolution. The imperfections, the occasional baseness, the dishonesty and one-sidedness which Gibbon so skilfully and so carefully points out in many of the Fathers of the Church, show that the fascination lay in the doctrine, and not in the men. Looking at the growth of Christianity from the merely human point of view, it might be described as the result of the efforts of the human race, after attaining to such material elements of prosperity as a vigorous police could supply, to rise to something higher, and to put into form those relations towards each other and towards their Maker which mere law can never effectually sanction. Should we arrive at a solution of our political problems analogous to that which the Romans discovered for those of their day, a set of problems analogous to those of which they sought the solution in Christianity would present themselves to us. Indeed, they are already beginning to present themselves. Many people in these days, especially the more ardent and excitable part of the community, are beginning to ask, with more or less petulance, what is to be done with physical science and political freedom when we have got them? What is to be the use of civilization? This is neither an empty nor an idle question. It is very like to the questions which were asked by the early Christians, though it is put in a different tone, and it is quite possible that the most interesting facts in the history of the world for centuries to come may be those which bear upon the answers gradually worked out for it.

One singular question is suggested by Gibbon, in connexion with this matter, to which it would be highly important to get a satisfactory answer. There can be no doubt that Christianity exercised a most powerful moral influence over the Roman Empire—how came it not to arrest its fall? The monastic and ascetic view of religion goes some way towards answering this question; but all the Christians were not monks, and the mere improvement of morals ought to have had more effect, both on the numbers and on the courage of the people, than it would seem to have had in fact. The answers given to this question by the great Christian writers, and especially by St. Augustine in the *De Civitate Dei*, involve an admission that the problem of seeing how the duties of a citizen are involved in those of a Christian had not then been solved, even if they had occurred to those who

should have solved them. When the Roman Empire fell, Christianity had existed long enough to have done something considerable in this direction. In modern times, temporal prosperity has almost always attended the spread of Christianity, obviously because nothing has so strong a tendency to make people rich as industry and morality. Wesley, for instance, was grievously embarrassed by the prosperity of his congregations, and he could see no way out of the temptation to worldly habits which the growth of riches involved, short of enforcing it as a positive duty to give away in charity all one's superfluities.

Perhaps the most remarkable of the innumerable episodes which render Gibbon's History the richest of books is his account of the rise and progress of Mahometanism. It is much to be wished that some one equal to the task would describe the subject in an adequate manner, and with a greater degree of collateral knowledge than Gibbon's plan required. Amongst the great events of history it stands next to the introduction of Christianity itself, and of the great religions which have permanently and deeply influenced the human race, it is the only one, except Christianity, of the origin and progress of which it is possible to give an authentic account. Of the creeds of Brahma and Buddha we can tell very little, and the difference between ourselves and the races which profess those religions is so great that it is probable that, if we had an authentic history of them, we should not be able to enter into the feelings from which they sprang. With Mahometanism it is otherwise. Its cardinal doctrine is also the cardinal doctrine of Christianity. Why did it burst out like a conflagration at that particular time and place? Why did it spread over vast regions in an incredibly short time? and why did it spread no further? Why—and this is, perhaps, the most curious question of all—did it ally itself up to a certain point with science and civilization, and then stop short and become the enemy of both? All these are most curious questions, and though Gibbon's animated history prompts his readers to ask them, it gives them no satisfaction. One singular point in connexion with this matter is, that Genghis Khan, the greatest of all conquerors, was a theist, pure and simple. "His first and only article of faith was the existence of one God, the Author of all good, who fills by His presence the heavens and the earth which He has created by His power." It is curious that the very same creed which, in the case of Mahomet, was the source of endless wars, and the very symbol of conquest, should have been, in the hands of another great conqueror, a reason for universal toleration. Genghis conquered a wider region than Mahomet, but his principle was to interfere with no man's creed. Where did this faith, at once so simple and so refined, come from in these two cases—parallel in so many respects—and why did it produce or accompany such opposite results? Gibbon's History is a mine of such questions. It is a comprehensive view of one great stage in the history of the world, and those who stand at the beginning of another stage, probably still more momentous, must contemplate the prospect which his work opens with endless interest and sympathy.

THE NEMESIS OF EDWIN JAMES.*

A VIRTUOUS woman is a crown to her husband, but a notorious man is worth a great deal more to his wife. For purposes of aggravation he is especially valuable. If Xantippe had been married to a small tradesman of Athens, she would most likely never have risen above the rank of a mere ill-tempered woman. But to have an eminent popular lecturer to badger—a man who was one of the foremost figures of the day, whose *carte de visite*, so to speak, might be seen in every window—this was a chance too good to be neglected by a genuine sportswoman; and she seized it and won herself a deathless name, in Dr. Lempriere's Dictionary, as the most accomplished Tartar of ancient times. If, however, a woman's talents and temperament are of a less brilliant and lively sort, and better suited to the part of martyr than that of Tartar, the notoriety of the husband will be of material assistance to her in supporting the rôle of injured innocence. There are people who will believe anything about a public man, and unhesitatingly find him guilty of being a brute on evidence which they would have at once rejected as insufficient in the case of some obscure Brown, Jones, or Robinson. At any rate, whether she gets sympathy or not, she is sure of an audience, which is of far more importance to a contentious woman of the true stamp.

The *modus operandi* varies according to the station in life of the parties. Among the lower orders, the lady proceeds to the house of the poor popular rogue her husband, and breaks his windows, and, having thus collected a crowd, lectures on his domestic virtues until removed by the police; or she interrupts him at the most thrilling part of his acrobatic performance, and tears his tights; or she scratches the lamplight off his face just as he is wishing he was with Dinah in the Strand. The result is one of those police-court cases which are collected together under sensation headings at the end of the week, as light and instructive Sabbath reading for the working man. The complainant, Patrick Flanagan, better known to the public as Pablo Bosco, the boneless contortionist, charges his wife with assaulting him during the performance of his unparalleled feats; the lady is bound over to keep the peace, and, perhaps, not being able to satisfy the magistrate that her personal

* *Wanderings of a Beauty*. By Mrs. Edwin James. Routledge, Warne, and Routledge. 1863.

security is worth much, is handed by the policeman into the carriage provided for her. But she has gained her point. She has enjoyed a good, shrill, noisy, public talk at her husband, and about her wrongs; and it consoles her to think that for the future, whenever that popular favourite proceeds to delight an admiring circle, people will remember that his lot is not one of unalloyed felicity—that, though he is blessed with the power of making a neck-tie of his legs, that precious gift is counterbalanced by the unsatisfactory nature of his domestic relations.

In polite life, of course, this way of going to work would defeat its own object. The procedure is, therefore, modified, but the principle remains the same. Instead of condescending to what is called in coarse though forcible language "nagging," the approved plan is to write a book. If Job had lived in these days, and the arch enemy had stipulated that matrimonial squabbles were to be included among the trials of his patience, there can be little doubt that his wish for an adversary to write a book would have been gratified, and just as little that the book, when written, would have been readily accepted by one of the publishers of the Land of Uz. The present age is remarkably jealous about the reputation of its eminent men—so jealous that the most trivial scrap of information about what it is the fashion to call the "inner life" of eminence is thankfully received, and the least hint that there is a screw loose excites an uncontrollable thirst for further particulars. This ardent desire for information—springing though it does from a reverence for virtue and a detestation of vice—has, it is true, like many of the noblest impulses of our nature, been made the subject of the cynic's sneer. It has been called impertinent curiosity, love of gossip, scandal, tattle, and other hard names. With these we have nothing to do at present. All we have to say is that, by whatever name it may be called, such an appetite does exist now-a-days, and that he who ministers to it may shoot any amount of rubbish into the literary market. The book called *Wanderings of a Beauty* is a good instance of faith in the prevalence of this passion. Without looking at its title-page or cover, it would be impossible to find out how it ever arrived at the dignity of publication. It has no merit except that of being very short. It has not even any of the negative merits which are now considered sufficient qualification for a novel. There is no infraction of what may be distinguished as the dramatic commandments by any of the characters. Nobody commits murder, theft, or adultery, or—to any extent worth talking of—bears false witness against his neighbour. There is no will-of-the-wisp of a secret luring the reader on through morasses of mystery. It has no more plot than Murray's *Handbook for the Continent*; to which work, by the way, the author seems to be largely indebted for her opinions on foreign scenery and manners. It is simply an unconnected and, short as it is, oppressively tedious yarn—a combination of the twaddle of a school-girl and the tattle of an old maid, and garnished with love, religious sentimentality, supernaturalism, and philosophy, all of the most Brummagem character. How, then, are we to account for its having ever got out of the grub state of manuscript? for even in an age abounding in perfectly uncalled-for literature it does seem an unaccountable book. We have only to turn to the cover. There we find, announced in type very nearly as large and eye-catching as that of the title—for it would never do to hide its only light under a bushel—the sole claim the work has upon the reading public. It is BY MRS. EDWIN JAMES.

Now, as was said by one of our Ethiopian improvisatori at the time of that eminent advocate's sudden retirement from public life in England, "We can't tell all the games that's been played by Edwin James;" but this we do know, that certain vague rumours about him from time to time reached our land while it was still mourning the loss which its Bar and Senate had sustained. Though, as Joseph Surface would say, we hold a man who listens to scandal to be a most despicable character, yet it does not follow that one is to be an absolute Joseph either; and, somehow, even the most virtuous among us were unable to escape the influence of certain epidemic reports of how Mr. Edwin James had wooed and won a wealthy widow at Boulogne, at Brussels, at Paris—for accounts varied; of how the happy pair had crossed the Atlantic, to spend a honeymoon free from the conventionalities of Europe, and how they attained that object by having a "difficulty" before the moon was over. Then we were told how Mr. Edwin James, primed and loaded with the wrongs of an injured wife, was prepared to deliver an oration which was to make faithless husbands objects of loathing for all future time, but was recommended by his wife not to attempt it, under the penalty of hearing something to his disadvantage—how the lady attended in court with a view of showing that her recommendation was not idly given—and how the Demosthenes of Marylebone at last broke down after many futile deprecatory glances and winks at his Nemesis in the gallery. Respected, beloved, and lamented as Mr. Edwin James was, all this produced a state of public feeling most favourable to a book containing any further particulars about his domestic life; and who so fit to write such a book as the wife of his bosom? Hence the appearance of *Wanderings of a Beauty*, by Mrs. Edwin James, price 1s.

The heroine is a lady with a limited faculty for love, but an unlimited capacity for flirtation. In the space of a hundred and odd pages, she has two husbands, four lovers, two engagements to be married which come to nothing, and one which may be supposed still to hold good when the book closes. The lucky man in this instance is a mystical American, "one of those rarely endowed

beings who at first sight impress you with a sense of power," and, subsequently, by means of "magnetic influence or odic affinity," "draw you into their sphere as into a vortex." As for the personal appearance of such a being, it is of no great importance, but it may be as well to mention that his "features were chiselled," and Intellect was in the habit of sitting "enthroned on his regal brow." He instructs the heroine in the whole art of spirit-rapping, and in the course of their lessons the magnetic influence becomes too much for her, and she goes over head and ears into the vortex above mentioned. While she is in it, he catches a fever and dies; at least—

The pulse waxed fainter and fainter, the death-rattle came to the throat—a long, long sigh; another and another, then the heart ceased to beat, and all was over. The doctors ascertained the fact of the decease, and were too glad to leave the house of mourning. Evelyn sank on her knees beside the couch—she believed in prayer for the dead—then suddenly, and as one frantic, she flung herself upon the lifeless corpse.

All of which, in the case of a person whose features were not chiselled, and who had no odic affinities, would mean that there was an end of him. But—

O, wondrous to relate, the Spirit just about to take wing paused, wavered, looked back lovingly, and returned to the body. A Divine influx descending through that tender woman's bosom, established a human sympathy once more with the apparently lifeless frame, and D'Arcy again breathed the breath of life.

The Spirits with whom he is in constant communication hint to Mr. D'Arcy that he is expected to marry the lady who has thus saved his life. But they make such an abominable muddle of their communication that he proposes for the daughter instead of the mother, fancying that that was what they meant him to do. Evelyn, then, lest she should be tempted to stand in the way of her daughter's happiness, magnanimously determines to marry the first man that turns up; and the first man that turns up is one Sir Percy Montgomery, late M.P. for —shire:—

Sir Percy was in appearance a perfect John Bull; that is to say, he possessed a countenance rubicund and somewhat flat, with no very marked features; figure stout, burly broad shoulders, thickest, you perceived at a glance that the animal preponderated in the man; nevertheless, the square and rather massive forehead displayed intellect, and the fine teeth, seen to advantage in a pleasant jovial smile of not unfrequent occurrence, rendered the appearance of our friend, if somewhat coarse, not altogether displeasing. Sir Percy was by no means wanting in brains. He had made some sensation in Parliament; and having had the tact to speak on the popular side of each question, his fluency was greatly appreciated, and he had thus acquired a greater reputation than his (not first-rate) talents, perhaps, merited. So the *Times* wondered when he resigned his seat, and the *Herald* and other Tory papers were open in their uncharitable surmises as to the motives for so sudden and untimely a retreat in the late M.P.

There is a petty feminine malignity about every touch in this portrait, that suggests a design of doing something more than sketching a mere character for a sentimental story. Can it be that we are invited to—

—turn and see
Our own, our long lost Edwin here,
Restored in this M.P.?

We learn further that Sir Percy was over head and ears in debt; that the first thing he did after his marriage was to borrow a few hundred francs of his wife to pay his hotel bill; that he used to come down to breakfast "unwashed, uncombed, unbraced, and perfectly innocent of a clean shirt;" that he was a spendthrift, and yet the meanest of men; that he seemed to lie for the pleasure of lying, and so forth. After being well abused in this fashion—and it seems as though he were brought on the scene for this purpose alone—he is unceremoniously kicked off by D'Arcy, who in the fulness of time appears, and puts the searching question, "Where is poor Alice Vivian, thy wronged, thy wretched wife?" The baronet either cannot or will not, answer this extraordinary query; and, consequently, D'Arcy, observing, with some originality, "If thou art a devil I cannot kill thee," has nothing for it but to advise him to go and repent, and enforce the first part of his recommendation by kicking him out of the room. The Spirits, at length, perceiving the mess they have got all parties into from their bad habit of using obscure language, condescend, for once, to speak distinctly, and make known to the daughter that it is all a mistake, that they never meant her, and that her mother is the person who is to marry D'Arcy. Thus everything is satisfactorily arranged, and according to the latest intelligence D'Arcy "is now a General in the Federal army, his name on every lip, his praise on every tongue." Which of the Federal Generals can this be? We should like to know—and so, no doubt, would Abraham Lincoln.

We apologize for having occupied so much of the reader's time with this sketch of the book; but it is with a view to save his pocket that we have done so. As a Soyer will concentrate the nutritious properties of a sheep until they can be contained in a lozenge box for the waistcoat pocket, so we have reduced all that is sentimental or scandalous in this book into the above passages, and the reader has here for sixpence what will cost him a shilling on any railway bookstall. If we were to appeal to him on higher grounds, it would be to remind him that every success achieved by—nay, every copy bought of—a work of this sort is an encouragement to a branch of trade in literature which ought to be discouraged. As for Mr. Edwin James—assuming that he is the injured character of the tale—he has not much reason to complain. It is his popularity which has brought all this upon him. If he

had been an obscure Q.C. merely known as doing fair business on circuit, and being a jovial addition to the bar-mess, this book would never have been written. But he tried for notoriety and gained it, and here we have one of the results. However, he is no worse off than many other eminent men. Eminence in philosophy, as we have already shown, does not save a man from this sort of thing, nor does eminence in pugilism. According to the police-reports, the Champion of England is a fellow-sufferer with Mr. Edwin James. He may be a martyr, but he is one of a line of martyrs which begins with Socrates and ends with Sayers.

MASSEY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.*

(Second Notice.)

WE believe with Mr. Massey that, in England, the people were so far satisfied with their institutions at the period of the great convulsion in France, that there was no danger of revolution, and consequently that the violent coercive measures of the Government were not only tyrannical, but needless. Such was not the case in Ireland. In that country, the Government had in those days all the grounds of fear to which the consciousness of injustice could give birth. Never, we believe, in history was there a tyranny which more completely united meanness with cruelty than that of the old Castle and Orange party. It would be extremely difficult to construct a defence of the English Revolution of 1688 which would not apply with at least equal force to the Irish insurrection of 1798, though success has canonized the English revolutionists as patriots, and failure has damned the Irish insurgents as rebels. We can afford now to speak the truth in plain words about these events, since Orange ascendancy is a thing of the past.

There can be no doubt that Pitt himself was always inclined to a liberal policy, political and ecclesiastical, as well as economical, with regard to Ireland. Lord Fitzwilliam was sent over by the Cabinet as Lord-Lieutenant, charged with a mission of justice to the Catholics. But Lord Fitzwilliam, in his guileless ignorance of the Irish world, did two things which were much worse than crimes. He offended the Chancellor Fitzgibbon, and, what was still worse, he offended a Beresford. Representations were immediately made in the highest quarter. The King sent for Pitt, and insisted on the immediate recall of Lord Fitzwilliam. Pitt bowed to the will of the King. Mr. Massey suggests that he was personally not unwilling to throw over Fitzwilliam, who belonged to the Whig section of the Cabinet. But clearly this version of the matter does not save Pitt's honour. Lord Camden, the new Viceroy, was probably one of those weak men who, under ordinary circumstances, would not have done much good or harm in the world, but whom their evil star has placed in situations which have made them infamous for ever. Under his reign, and with his connivance, though probably not with his active complicity, commenced that Orange reign of terror which goaded the people into desperate rebellion, and which has left a darker stain upon the honour of England than the greatest reverses of the war. Mr. Massey, who justly denounces the French Terrorists, does not spare their Irish counterparts:—

Lord Carhampton, the general commanding the forces in the disturbed districts, let loose his troops upon the wretched peasantry. It was enough for a magistrate, a squire, or even a farmer, to point out any person as suspected, to have his habitation burned down, his family turned adrift, and himself either shot or transported, without trial, without warrant, without inquiry. An Act of Indemnity was passed, by the Irish Parliament, in the Session of 1796, to protect these enormities; and the Insurrection Act gave them, for the future, the sanction of law. The suspension of the Habeas Corpus completed this barbarous code, which, in effect, outlawed the whole people of Ireland.

It would have been some mitigation of this terrible system of repression had it been carried into effect by a regular military force, disciplined to the usages of civilized war, and free from the passions of an infuriated party; but the Government thought fit to place arms in the hands of thirty-seven thousand Protestant yeomanry, who admitted no Catholics into their ranks, and were suffered to assume the Orange Ribbon—the insolent badge of Protestant ascendancy. The cruelties perpetrated by these men, both before the rebellion, and while it was raging, and after it was suppressed, differed only in degree from the worst enormities of the French revolutionists. Under the authority to search for concealed arms, any person whom any ruffian, calling himself a Protestant and loyalist, and either with or without a military uniform, chose to suspect or pretend to suspect, was liable to be seized, tortured, and put to death. Hundreds of unoffending people, and people who were guilty of no other offence than professing the creed of their fathers, or of letting fall a word of discontent, were flogged until they were insensible, or made to stand upon one foot upon a pointed stake. These were the most ordinary punishments. Sometimes the wretched victim was half hanged, or the scalp was torn from the head by a pitched cap. Catholics, and reputed malcontents of the better class, were subjected to still worse treatment. Militia and yeomanry, as well as the regular troops, were billeted on them at free quarters; and this billet appears to have been invariably construed as an unlimited licence for robbery, devastation, ravishment, and, in case of resistance, murder.

These atrocities, and those which followed them, were in one respect worse than the deeds of the Jacobins. For the Jacobins, though they butchered their victims wholesale, did not use torture, the use of which in Ireland was avowed, incredible as it may seem, by Lord Clare in the British House of Lords, and by Mr. John Claudius Beresford in the British House of Commons.

The violation of women was as horrible as the torturing. Mr. Massey quotes a passage from Plowden, stating that officers of rank boasted that within certain large districts no home had been left undefiled; and that, upon its being remarked that the sex must have been very complying, the reply was that the bayonet removed all squeamishness. The rebels emulated their adversaries in cruelty, but they did not retaliate upon women. The brave and honourable Sir Ralph Abercrombie, on assuming the command of the army in Ireland, denounced these dastardly atrocities, declaring in general orders that the habits and discipline of the troops were such as to render them formidable to every one but the enemy. For this he was driven from his command, to the everlasting shame of the Government which abandoned him. It is, of course, impossible to doubt that such a man as Pitt must have regarded these outrages with the utmost detestation. In private conversation with Wilberforce, he spoke of them, and of their authors, in the strongest language of abhorrence. He most properly sent, as successor to Lord Camden, Lord Cornwallis, who he well knew would have both the humanity and the courage to hold a different course. But that he did not speak out in public, and thus redeem his own name from the taint of complicity with acts perpetrated under the authority of his government, confirms the suspicion which we have expressed before, that, though disinterested, he was not inflexible, and that his lofty bearing sometimes concealed a want of the highest moral courage.

The peasantry of Tipperary have had their share of infamy, but impartial history has something to record on the other side. This county had not been much involved in the rebellion, but the panic fears of its landlords induced them to procure the appointment as sheriff of a squirearchical Marat in the person of Mr. Thomas Judkin Fitzgerald. As this worthy did not confine himself to torturing peasants, but extended his operations to persons of a higher class, who were able to bring actions against him, he has emerged from obscurity into a lurid fame:—

At the Tipperary Spring Assizes of 1799, one Wright brought an action of trespass against Fitzgerald, the late sheriff. The plaintiff was a teacher of languages at Clonmel, but connected by kindred with more than one Irish family of rank. Wright, hearing that he was suspected, and knowing the fearful consequences of suspicion, hastened to deliver himself up, in the hope that he might thus save his character and life. But Fitzgerald was not to be disappointed of his victim. He received Mr. Wright with a torrent of abuse, and ordered him to fall on his knees to receive his sentence. "You are a rebel," said he, "and a principal in this rebellion. You are to receive five hundred lashes, and then to be shot." The poor man begged for time, and was so rash as to ask for a trial. This aroused Fitzgerald to fury; he rallied at his prisoner for daring to open his mouth after he was condemned. Wright was hurried to the flogging ladders, which were erected in the main street; and expecting immediate death, had placed his hat before his face while he muttered a prayer. Fitzgerald, with his own hand, tore away the hat, trampled on it, dragged his fainting victim by the hair, kicked him, and, finally, slashed him with a sword, drawing blood. Wright was then fastened to the ladder. Fifty lashes had been inflicted, when a Major Riell came up, and asked what Wright had done? The sheriff answered by flinging Riell a note, taken from the person of Wright, as a justification of the punishment to which he was subjected. The note was in French, a language of which Fitzgerald was wholly ignorant, and contained two lines excusing the writer for having failed in a visiting engagement. Riell assured Fitzgerald that the note was perfectly harmless; nevertheless the lash continued to descend, until the quivering entrails were visible through the flayed flesh. The hangman was then ordered to apply his thongs to a part of the body which had not yet been torn, while the sheriff himself went to the general in command of the district for an order to put his prisoner to death. This order, however, was not granted, and Wright was ultimately set at liberty.

The trial, as Mr. Massey says, would not have been complete had not an Orange parson been called on the part of the defendant, to swear that "flogging Fitzgerald" was a mild and humane man.

These horrors, however, were in one respect beneficial even to their victims, since they forced upon statesmen the necessity of the Union, and thus transferred the government of Ireland from the Castle faction to the Imperial Parliament. Pitt's superior enlightenment and sagacity appeared once more in the firmness with which he grasped the expediency of this measure, and the perseverance with which he pushed it to completion. Mr. Massey is of opinion that the amount of money spent in bribery on this occasion has been overrated. The corruptness of the negotiations, as we know from the Cornwallis Correspondence, defies exaggeration. But we cannot say that we are inclined to be squeamish in judging of the means by which Pitt effected his great end. He had rogues to deal with, and he was obliged to deal with them as rogues. His object was perfectly pure, and one of paramount necessity to both nations. The reign of the Orange faction in Ireland had brought the empire to the verge of destruction. Never was England in such peril as when Hoche with his army of invasion rode in Bantry Bay.

The Irish Parliament died as it had lived—amidst corruption, bluster, ribaldry, and duelling. Mr. Massey thus describes one of its last scenes, an incident in the debate on the Union:—

The argument having been, by this time, nearly exhausted, the debate was enlivened by a violent altercation between Corry, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Grattan. The quarrel was deliberately planned; Corry made the first attack, accusing his rival of encouraging rebellion, and associating with rebels. Grattan's reply was in a strain of invective, compared with which the denunciations of Lord North by Burke and Fox were mild and moderate censures. "He calls me," said Grattan, "an unimpeached traitor. I ask, why not traitor unqualified by an epithet? I will tell him; it was because he dare not. It was the act of a coward, who raises his arm to strike, but has not courage to give the blow. I will not call him villain, because it would be unparliamentary, and he is a privy councillor. I will

* *A History of England during the Reign of George III.* Vol. IV. 1793–1802. By William Massey, M.P. London: Parker, Son, & Bourn. 1863.

not call him fool, because he happens to be Chancellor of the Exchequer. But I say he is one who abuses the privilege of Parliament and the freedom of debate, to the uttering language, which, if spoken out of the House, would be answered only by a blow." The House was in committee, but the chairman took no notice of this language; no member moved that the words should be taken down; nor did it seem to occur to the Speaker, who was present, that it was his duty either to resume the chair, or to take any measure for the suppression of such language, or the prevention of the consequences to which it must lead. On the contrary, he sat by while the arrangements for a hostile meeting were made within the House, and he saw the principals and their seconds go out to settle the matter while the debate was proceeding. One of the combatants, indeed, was permitted to make use of the Speaker's chamber until there was light enough to fight. A great multitude accompanied the parties to the ground, and the Sheriff of Dublin was present, but declined to interfere. Mr. Corry was wounded in the arm at the first fire; and it was well for him that the affair terminated in this manner; for if the fortune of the duel had been against Grattan, it seems to have been probable that his antagonist would have been torn to pieces by the mob. To complete this scene, it was agreed, before the meeting, that in the event of either of the principals being killed, or disabled, the other should be considered to have pacted with him. This precaution was taken with the view of defeating a policy, which was attributed to the Government, of increasing their majority by fixing personal quarrels on their opponents, and shooting them in single combat.

Unfortunately, to Pitt's great merits in carrying through the Union there is a partial set-off in his conduct on the subject of Catholic Emancipation. Mr. Massey is clearly of opinion that a pledge, to which Pitt was a party, was given to the Catholics as an inducement to support the Union. Pitt, like a man of honour and a liberal statesman, prepared a measure for the fulfilment of this pledge; but he was defeated, as is well known, by the treachery of Lord Loughborough, aided by the influence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who convinced His Majesty that a standing violation of the precept to do unto others as you would they should do unto you was indefeasibly binding on his conscience as a Christian Prince. Hereupon, Pitt went out of office, and put in Addington, whom he cannot possibly have looked upon as anything but a bedwarmer. Then, in reply to a reproachful message from the King, who ascribed his illness to the agitation of his mind on this question, Pitt gratuitously pledged himself never again to bring forward the Catholic question during the King's life. Thus Addington was in, and Pitt was out, for nothing. And as the bedwarmer failed to understand his place, it became necessary to eject him by a process of a somewhat equivocal kind, after he had done a good deal of mischief by his imbecility at a crisis of great national peril. Again we say, we find it difficult to attribute great firmness of character to the chief actor in these scenes, whatever the gratitude of a party may have said about "the pilot that weathered the storm." Mere perseverance in a war policy does not show courage; it may show great want of courage. True political courage is shown only by a resolute perseverance, against all influences, in the right course.

It is fair, however, to say that, in Mr. Massey's opinion, Pitt could not, under any circumstances, have prevailed upon the King to commit what fanatical ecclesiastics had persuaded him was a breach of his coronation vow. It is also observed by Mr. Massey, with some justice, that the King himself cannot be fairly reproached with having been the only obstacle at the time to the policy of Emancipation:—

The King was supported, in his opposition to this great change, by the Primate of England, and the Primate of Ireland; by the Lord Chancellor of England, and the Lord Chancellor of Ireland; by the Chief Justice of England; by the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; and by nearly half the Cabinet. The old friends of civil and religious liberty, who had been foremost in the exclusion of the Papists, when they were dangerous to civil and religious liberty, now, consistently with their principles, would have removed exceptional and temporary restraints which were no longer necessary. But the friends of civil and religious freedom were, at this time, a small minority. The prejudice against the Romanists had survived the causes by which it had been originally justified. The Church of England was bitterly hostile to her fallen rival. The dissenting congregations were, for the most part, equally intolerant. In no class did the hatred of Popery prevail more widely than among the bulk of the people. The genius of Rome is repugnant to the character of the Anglo-Saxon race. Her arrogant pretensions—her arbitrary rule—her shameless corruption—her cruelty, luxury, and pride, had for nearly three hundred years been the constant theme of scorn and invective, wherever freedom of speech and of conscience were endured. There was no reason for believing that the prejudice against Popery, which had been rooted in the minds of succeeding generations of the English people, had lately given way to more liberal views. On the contrary, if the attempt had been made at the beginning of this century to admit the Catholics to an equality of civil privileges, it is probable that the old alarm would have been revived, and that not all the weight and authority of Mr. Pitt, supported by a united Cabinet, and an assenting Sovereign, would have reconciled the people to so great and sudden an innovation.

The political and Parliamentary part of Mr. Massey's history is far more interesting than the naval and military part. His accounts of war are extremely jejune and dry—a fault far less offensive than that of painting sensation pictures from imagination, but still a fault. His estimate of military measures and of commanders, however, appears to be sound; and we agree with all he says of Nelson, the hero of this part of the history, both in his hour of glory at the Nile and Copenhagen, and in his hour of shame at Naples. It is satisfactory to know that Pitt, who was so lavish of titles as rewards for political support, wished to give a higher honour than that of the lowest grade in the peerage to the man who had gained a victory unrivalled in the annals of the English navy, and never to be eclipsed except by another victory of his own. Pitt recommended Nelson for a viscountcy, but the King objected, on the technical ground, which was virtually untrue as well as frivolous, that the victor of the Nile, at the time of his victory, had been only second in command. Mr.

Massey, however, remarks with too much truth, that if it had been a question whether an Irish boroughmonger should be bought with a barony or an earldom, the bargain would not have been suffered to go off upon a punctilio as to the man's pretensions to this or that degree of the Peerage.

It is in the strictly Parliamentary part of his history that Mr. Massey, as might have been expected, is at his best; and his description of the appearance and failure of Horne Tooke, in the House of Commons, is a good specimen of his powers in this way:—

Horne Tooke was in his sixty-fifth year when he entered the House of Commons. His first speech was listened to with eager curiosity; but the members who had thronged to hear him soon returned to the lobbies, the library, and Bellamy's. Few men, however gifted, succeed in the House of Commons who have not learned to adapt themselves to its tastes before their intellectual habits have been formed. Tooke had taken great pains to prepare himself for that fastidious and infallible audience. Looking round the crowded benches, he probably had a thorough contempt for the great majority, and he saw no man of whom he was afraid. He had rallied Fox on the hustings at Covent Garden with great success. He had repeatedly attacked Pitt and Sheridan. He had on one occasion insulted the Speaker himself, and had afterwards bullied the Commons at their own bar until they were fain to give up the unequal contest. Yet this man—whose coolness and effrontery were proverbial, who had seen the world on every side, a wit, a scholar, and a cynic—was seized with unknown tremors, when he stood on the floor of the House of Commons. He recovered, however, his self-possession sufficiently to proceed with his speech. He gave a sketch of his life, and told the House how his hopes and prospects had been destroyed by the profession which he had rashly adopted in youth, and had renounced for thirty years. The tale was one which might have commanded the respectful sympathy even of those who would have refused to give relief. But the scoffing spirit in which he spoke conveyed the impression that he made his personal wrong a pretext for holding up the Church, and even religion itself, to ridicule and scorn. He affected to treat the disqualification for other employments worked by holy orders as if they were a brand of infamy. "Cannot a quarantine," he said, "of thirty years be a sufficient guard against the infection of my original character?" Sarcastic of this kind grated on the ear of the House. His disputatious temper, which delighted in levelling authority and in trampling on pretension, soon brought him into collision with the House, which suffers no man to overstep his position. He criticized the report of the Committee with the pedantry of a grammarian. He questioned the decision of the Speaker on a point of practice, and argued the matter at length in utter ignorance or contempt of the implicit deference which long usage has yielded to the decision of the Chair. He was called to order for violating another well-established rule, which forbids any member attributing motives to another. This point he disputed likewise, seeking to prove that the rule of the House was inconsistent with reason, and the freedom of debate. Any man who knows the House of Commons, which, in its essential characteristics, was the same assembly fifty or a hundred years ago as that which now sits at Westminster, will easily understand that Horne Tooke was soon set down as an outlaw, a failure, and a bore.

With the peace of Amiens—"the peace of which everybody was glad, but nobody was proud"—Mr. Massey's fourth volume concludes, and his work comes to an end. We are sorry that he goes no further, for though, as we have said before, he has no pretensions to the qualities of a brilliant narrator or of an historical philosopher, he has qualities which render his book valuable, and which will always entitle its writer to an honourable place in our historical literature.

LOST AND SAVED.*

THIS is a novel with a purpose, and its purpose is to show how very harshly and wrongly society treats women, and how leniently and wrongly it treats men. It is an old grievance, and Mrs. Norton evidently feels it keenly. There is no affection of warmth or depth in her indignation. She writes from the fulness of her heart, and is moved to genuine anger and pity by observing how lightly bad men are censured, and how cruelly good women are treated. But, as in most novels with a purpose, the story in *Lost and Saved* is sacrificed to the elucidation of the writer's views, and the purpose is only very imperfectly attained as it is reached through the medium of a story. The reader knows that the writer invents the characters and the facts, and then moralises on them. And the subject is a very unpleasant one. Nothing but the fulfilment of some great end, or an appeal to the more powerful emotions and to real tragic feeling, can compensate for the disagreeable things which we have to read of in such novels as this. But this is only a regular three-volume fashionable novel, with a seduction or mock marriage in it, and all the woes and horrors are on the surface; while the details are such as may be instructive to one reader in a thousand, but make the book unfit for most drawing-rooms. This is not by any means a condemnation of the book. An author who has got something to say which is deeply felt, and which concerns the graver facts and the concealed sorrows of life, is not at all bound to think only of drawing-rooms and young lady readers. Mrs. Norton is quite right, if she thinks fit, to dwell on miseries that are not rare and on sins that are daily committed. She contrasts the fate of a really good, innocent girl, led into shame against her will, with that of a hardened, practised, adroit fine lady, who has notoriously one lover after another, but who keeps her place in society because she manages to cajole her husband. The former lives despised, forsaken, and in misery; the latter is respected, admired, rich, and prosperous. These things go on in the world, and although such very plain accounts of adulterous connexions as are given in *Lost and Saved* are not quite the things for family reading, yet, if that is

* *Lost and Saved*. By the Hon. Mrs. Norton. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1863.

once understood, it is no use being mealy-mouthed, and Mrs. Norton may call a spade by its name if she pleases. All that we have a right to ask is that a tale touching on such subjects should be free from prurience, and Mrs. Norton's tale is perfectly free. She never forgets her self-respect, or paints vice for the pure pleasure of painting it. She merely sets herself a task requiring plain speaking, and she fulfils it. But, to be successful, a story like *Lost and Saved* ought to fulfil two conditions. It ought to be pitched in the key which is proper to grave and sad subjects; it ought to be tragic, if not in the catastrophe, yet at least in the general treatment of events and characters. And, secondly, it ought to be directed to some definite end. It ought to embody not merely a vague apprehension of wrong, but some mode of regarding wrong which can be stated in distinct terms, and can be discussed not only by the writer, but by the reader also.

In both these requisites Mrs. Norton's book appears to us to fail. There is nothing deep, or stirring, or tragic about it. A good sort of girl gets into a scrape, and a fashionable lady keeps out of half-a-dozen scrapes into which she is on the point of falling. But the whole set of people, good and bad, are too sketchy to make us care much whether they win or lose. In a preface addressed to Lord Essex, Mrs. Norton prophesies that his Lordship will like Beatrice Brooke, the heroine, better than sweet Helen Woollingham or Beatrice's sister Mariana. It would be odd if Lord Essex were not of this way of thinking, for Helen does not say half-a-dozen sentences in the course of the story, nor contribute in the slightest degree whatever to its action; and Mariana is merely one of those lay figures who are stationed to fill up the corners of novels, and her particular part is to be a Madonna, and to be saintly and pure, and never to do or say anything. Beatrice Brooke has been expressly drawn, as the preface tells us, to meet the ideal of a heroine which Lord Essex has formed; and she certainly is better than her rivals, for she does and says a great deal, and her character, so far as it differs at all from that of the ordinary typical heroine, is well conceived, for she has warm feelings, and a capacity for anger and scorn, which lift her above the usual young-lady level. But her character has nothing in it which awakens any deep interest, and it is hard work trying to be sorry for a heroine so sketchily drawn. There is, too, a nursery air about the book which may be very natural, and very much what would seem interesting to a lady writer, but which drags us down out of the region of the heroic. A smell of the powder-box pervades the tale. The women, bad and good, are always having babies; and the changes in their shape are described, and the pleasure or pain with which they announce the coming event, and the cribs and ailments of the babies when they have arrived. All this certainly gives a sort of reality to the story, but it is a reality which is trivial and unpleasant.

Then, again, it is impossible to say what Mrs. Norton supposes her book to show. We cannot understand what it is that she really wishes society to do. This is the case in almost every novel that attacks the customs and traditions of society, and more especially it is so when the subject is the wrong treatment of the relation between the sexes. Beatrice is married, as she thinks, to a man, who likes her very much, but cannot afford to marry her really, and who, after deceiving her, forsakes her. This is indisputably wrong, and every one thinks so; but such acts are easily pardoned if the offender is rich, and handsome, and fashionable. This is to be regretted; and, if Mrs. Norton's object were to show that good men and women ought not to treat the matter lightly, she would have a lesson to teach which is perfectly true, and very intelligible. The only thing is, that the good people know it already, and the bad do not care about it. For no one would say that a man who had betrayed a woman should be wholly excluded from society. He does not lose his position, his rank, or his capacity for fulfilling public duties, and it is only a question how far reprobation is to be marked. Good people fight shy of him already, and weak or lax people soon forgive him. This is the only result that can practically be attained; but if a writer likes to try to make the world less lax in this respect, the end may be a good one, and, possibly, fiction may be usefully employed for this purpose. But the treatment of the lover by the fashionable world is only a very small part of Mrs. Norton's grievance. She thinks much more of the women; and she does not scruple to put a plain case; for Treherne, the lover and betrayer of Beatrice, is at the very same time the paramour of the wicked Lady Needale. The world takes a wrong view of these women, and Mrs. Norton is indignant at such injustice. She wishes to correct the mistake and to set up some new view, but it is here that she becomes obscure. Beatrice is married, as she thinks, and has a child. She is then forsaken, and her child dies; after which she marries a foreigner, whose wife has run away from him and then died. This is altogether an exceptional case, and there is no general lesson that can possibly be drawn from it. Beatrice thinks she is married, and thus she is at once separated from all who fall without the belief that they are doing right. But her boy is of course illegitimate; and Mrs. Norton could scarcely wish that there should be no marriage law, and that the Church Service read by a doctor in the desert between Suez and Cairo should constitute a binding ceremony. Their legal position is very hard on the mother and the child, but it is hard because reasonable laws create the hardship. And Mrs. Norton is not prepared to say that a man of honourable station and character can be expected to introduce a woman situated like Beatrice into his

family, with an illegitimate child by another man growing up in the house; so the child is made to die off very conveniently. But even then Mrs. Norton shrinks from making an Englishman marry her. There ought to be some halfway-house between marriage into a respectable English family and the continued forlornness of unmerited desertion; so a halfway-house is built up in the shape of the villa of an Italian count. But even an ordinary Italian count might scarcely like to take a woman who has met with a misfortune, however undeserved; so the Italian count is made to have been deserted by a faithless deceased wife, and thus he is about on a level with Beatrice, and they marry. All that can be gathered from this is, that Mrs. Norton thinks, and wishes us to think, that an English girl who, deceived by a mock marriage, has given birth to a child, is, if that child dies, good enough to marry a foreigner whose wife has run away from him. No proposition could be more harmless, and we can safely say that we most cordially concur in it.

The story is sadly twisted and mangled by the exigencies of this moral aim. At the beginning it is a good story. The account of the first introduction of the lover to Beatrice, when he comes yachting to Tenby, is prettily told, and the happy homo of Beatrice is painted with grace and tenderness of touch. There are also comic bits in the book which cheer us; and more especially there is a Marchioness of Updown whose selfish, bullying, determined insolence is described with much fun and a keen sense of the ludicrous. The account she gives of the difficulties into which she was plunged by incautiously sending away, on the eve of a great party, one of her footmen because he was beginning to get fat, and so did not match the other footman, is well imagined. But towards the end, the incidents of the tale become truly wonderful. There is a perfect havoc committed among all the characters who are not wanted, and new characters who are wanted are created as fast as peers were by the Emperor Souloque. One of the young ladies of the book grows up, comes out, and is twice married in the last half of the third volume. The Italian count who is invented to marry Beatrice appears and does his work with marvellous rapidity. His large melancholy eyes fix Beatrice in a page or two, and make her his for ever; and he knows that the end of all things is coming, and that there is no time to lose, so he adores her at once, and sees almost by the set of her shawl that she is the only woman in the world that can make up to him for all he has gone through. She tells him of her misfortune, and he does not in the least mind it. But she has a romantic objection; for it seems to her to make light of the mock marriage celebrated by the doctor in the desert, if she marries while Treherne is alive. We feel that Treherne is doomed, but so few pages remain that we can scarcely see how it can be done. But Mrs. Norton is equal to the situation. There is a lady who has opened some letters addressed to her husband, a solicitor, by Treherne. The husband suspects that she has been reading and even destroying his letters, and he frightens her, by telling her he will know the truth from Treherne; so one fine Sunday she watches her opportunity and gives Treherne poison at lunch. He dies like a dog and Beatrice marries her Italian count, which is the moral of the story.

THE MARINER'S COMPASS.*

WHATEVER a few scientific sailors and nautical savans may know on the subject, the great mass of landlubbers are in a happy state of delusion as to the reliance to be placed on the indications of the compass. "As true as the needle to the pole" is still supposed by many to indicate the real character of the compass on which the safety of sea-going ships depends; and though the fact of the "variation" in different positions on the surface of the earth may be regarded as common knowledge, the serious disturbances produced by the iron which enters so largely into the construction of modern ships, and the danger which they involve in the navigation of iron vessels, have never attracted the amount of attention which they deserve from a people so given to voyaging as ourselves. As long as ships were built of wood, the compass errors, though considerable enough, were confined within limits which would now be thought extremely small. The introduction of iron passenger-vessels enormously developed this source of peril, and the use of iron plating in ships of war has so increased the deviations that, if such a ship were to go to sea without being armed with tables of correction deduced from careful observation, she might often find herself steering east when the needle indicated a northerly or north-easterly course; while, in other circumstances, her compass might fail to give any sign at all, and become a mere useless needle, vibrating without apparent law from any one point of the compass to another.

A few examples taken from extreme cases will show how entirely free from exaggeration these statements are. When the compass of the *Great Eastern* was first observed shortly after her launch, it was found that in some positions the error amounted to 30°, or not much short of 3 points—and this although the compass was placed in the most favourable position for neutralizing the attraction of the ship. But this is trifling compared with the

* Admiralty Manual. *Deviations of the Compass*. Edited by J. Evans and Archibald Smith. 1862.

Rucovodstvo *Deviation Kompassov*. [Russian Translation of the above by Capt. J. Belaventz, R. I. N.] St. Petersburg. 1863.

deviation of the *Resistance*, which, in one position of the ship, was found to be as much as 45° , or 4 points. These examples may seem formidable enough, but in truth they express only part of the error. They were obtained from observations made upon an even keel, and take no account of the still more unmanageable error which is caused by the heeling of the vessel. Every time an iron ship rolls to starboard or to port, a fresh deviation is produced proportioned to the angle through which the vessel rolls. Commonly, this angular error of the compass is fully as large as the angle of heel, and in some instances the effect produced has been found to be 5 or 6 times as great as the inclination of the ship, so that, by a moderate rolling to the extent of 15° or 20° , the compass would often be in error an entire quadrant, or 8 points. The deviation, too, would vary from side to side at every roll, and the needle would oscillate from point to point in apparent defiance of all law and all powers of observation. We have said that these are extreme cases, but the average errors in iron ships are so large as to make uncorrected compass observations utterly useless, or, indeed, much worse than useless.

It will be asked, how, then, do ships navigate the ocean at all? And we are afraid we must say that, in a very large proportion of merchant ships, the art of extracting the truth from the seemingly capricious indications of the compass is very imperfectly practised; and it must also be owned that the practical difficulties are such as to baffle, to a great extent, the care and intelligence of the most scientific captains. Still, very much has been done towards making the compass a tolerably trustworthy guide. The Admiralty, however inefficient it may sometimes be in the performance of its own duties, has generally been very fortunate in obtaining the best scientific assistance, and never perhaps more so than in the composition of the Manual recently issued on the *Deviations of the Compass*. The mathematical investigations by Mr. Archibald Smith have cleared away all the misconceptions which still clouded the subject after the valuable labours of his predecessors; while the careful observations of Mr. Evans, the Superintendent of the Compass Department, supply an abundance of facts for the rectification and application of the calculated formulæ.

It is remarkable that until the beginning of the present century no attempt was made by practical navigators to investigate either the law or the cause of this important source of error. Captain Flinders was the first to call attention to the subject. In the course of a voyage to Australia, in 1803, he observed that when his ship's head pointed to the north (that is, to the magnetic north), the indications of the compass were correct; that with the ship's head east or west, the compass attained its maximum error; and that the broad results might be expressed by saying that in northern latitudes the north end of the compass was attracted to the ship's bow, while in the southern hemisphere the south end was drawn in a similar direction. The explanation at once suggested itself that the iron in the ship became magnetized by induction, and that its action upon the needle was the cause of the deviation observed. This was the nucleus of the true theory, though it took account only of one of two distinct causes of disturbance. The subject was pursued by Dr. Scoresby, then a practical navigator, by Captain Sabine, by Dr. Young and by Mr. Barlow—the object kept in view for the most part being the correction of the deviation by systems of iron bars and discs, which should exactly counterbalance the action of the iron in the ship. M. Poisson, in France, and Mr. Airy, in England, carried the mathematical investigation to more definite results, and the theory may now be said to be completed in all its developments by the labours of Mr. Archibald Smith, while a large amount of facts bearing on the subject has been accumulated by the inquiries of the Liverpool Compass Committee and the observations of Mr. Evans. With the exception of an error (generally very small) which is independent of the position of the ship, the deviations of the needle from the true magnetic north depend in amount on the direction of the ship's head. Both theory and observation prove that the whole deviation is composed of two parts, one of which goes through all its values, both positive and negative, once, and the other twice, in a complete revolution of the ship—the former being called the semi-circular, and the latter the quadrantal deviation. It will be seen, even without making use of trigonometrical expressions, that by obtaining the total error in a number of different positions of the ship's head (say when she looks to each of the cardinal points, and to the points half-way between them) the magnitude of each of the two portions of the deviation can be ascertained, and the error corresponding to any other position of the ship deduced from the trigonometrical formulæ. This process is what is called swinging a ship for the adjustment of her compasses, and when it has been completed and a table constructed from the results, the error to be allowed for in any position of the ship's head will be known, and the ship can be steered with as much certainty as if the compass were wholly undisturbed. To avoid the necessity of correcting the course by a constant reference to the ship's "Table of Deviations," it has been not uncommon to neutralize the error by means of iron or magnets of suitable form and position; but for reasons which it would be difficult fully to explain within our limits, this mode of meeting the difficulty has been, for the most part, rejected in Her Majesty's ships as less reliable (except as a correction for the heeling error), though a little more convenient, than the use of the table.

Thus far it may seem that the mischief is by no means so formidable as we at first represented, and that, in fact, if the Tables of Deviation are correct, the whole risk of error is avoided. But,

unfortunately, the Tables of Deviation which are correct for one time and one place are not correct for another time and another place; and besides this, there is yet the serious heeling error to be taken into account, which tables of deviation obtained from swinging a ship on an even keel do not in any way touch. A brief reference to the causes of the disturbance of a ship's needle will show how considerable the error of the tables of correction themselves may easily become. If two magnets are placed within each other's influence, the North pole of the one will attract the South pole and repel the North pole of the other. The northern portion of the earth does attract the North pole of an ordinary magnet. And, therefore, we may regard the earth itself as a magnet whose South pole is somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Arctic regions, though not precisely identical with the extremity of the polar axis. That being so, we have to consider what the effect of the earth's magnetism will be upon masses of iron on the surface. Now, it is matter of experiment that a rod of soft iron placed parallel to a magnet will become instantly magnetized in the opposite direction—that is, with its south pole pointing in the direction of the north pole of the permanent magnet. If the influence of the magnet is withdrawn, the soft iron loses all the magnetism which it has thus far for the time acquired. If the position of the rod is reversed, the magnetism is reversed also—that which was before the north pole having now become the south. If the rod is put into any intermediate position, the amount of the temporary magnetism will be proportionally reduced. The transient magnetism thus acquired is called induced magnetism, or magnetism by induction; and it is obvious that by the magnetic action of the earth every piece of soft iron on board a ship will be magnetized in a certain direction and with a certain force, depending (in the same place) solely on the position of the ship, including her horizontal direction and her amount of heel, and also depending, when the ship is on a voyage, on the force and direction of the terrestrial magnetism, which varies from point to point on the earth's surface. All the transient magnets thus formed out of every scrap of soft iron in the ship must act upon the compass—the most important influence, of course, being due to those in the immediate neighbourhood of the needle. This is the cause of one portion of the observed deviation, and is found to be partly semicircular and partly quadrantal. Moreover, we may explain that, if there were no other disturbance mixed up with it, observations at any one place would supply the means of making accurate tables for any part of the world, mathematical investigation having proved that, for corresponding directions of the ship's head, the amount of the quadrantal deviation is independent of latitude, while that of the semicircular deviation increases according to a known law, depending only on the natural dip of the needle at the given place.

Besides the error thus arising from the induced magnetism of the soft iron of a ship, there is another error traceable to the hard iron which the vessel may contain. Hard iron differs from soft iron in its magnetic constitution in this respect—that it does not acquire induced magnetism at all readily, and, when it has once acquired it, retains it permanently. To make a piece of hard iron acquire a permanent magnetic character, all that is necessary is to keep it for some time in a fixed position, more or less approaching to parallelism to the direction assumed by a balanced magnet, and to hammer it vigorously while so placed. Under this treatment it gets a certain amount of magnetism knocked into it, and, unless afterwards subjected to similar treatment in a different position, it retains permanently the magnetism it has thus acquired. This is exactly the treatment that the hard iron of a ship gets when she is being built. All the hammering and riveting drives magnetism into every particle of iron, the direction and force of which depend on the position of the ship's head while on the stocks. It is obvious that the errors caused by the system of permanent magnets thus introduced into every ship will be different from those caused by the varying magnetism of the soft iron; and, in fact, the result is ascertained by theory to be exclusively a semicircular deviation varying from place to place, but not according to the same law which governs the changes of the semicircular deviation due to the transient magnetism. The consequence is, that except by swinging a ship in different latitudes, or by swinging the ship when upright and when heeled over (which is seldom if ever done with merchant vessels), there is no possibility of distinguishing the permanent from the transient deviation, and, therefore, no means of deducing from the tables constructed at Greenhithe or Spithead what the real error is at the Equator or off Cape Race.

In addition to these difficulties, there is trouble from the heeling error whenever there is any sea—so much so, that the compasses of the *Warrior* became almost entirely useless during her first cruise in the Bay of Biscay. The heeling error may be, however, in theory—and in the case of the *Warrior* has been, if we are rightly informed, in practice—entirely overcome by the application of a compensating vertical magnet, which corrects that error without producing any other disturbance. Of course the deviation depends entirely on the position chosen for the compass, the binnacle compass being often several points different from the standard compass in the centre of the ship, and one of two steering compasses being occasionally considerably divergent from its fellow. This often arises from too great proximity to an iron-tiller or some similar cause, the position even of the standard compass being very seldom as good as it might be, except in some of the ships of

the Royal Navy. With such causes of disaster at work, it can scarcely be wondered at that ships often get as far out of their course as the ill-fated *Anglo-Saxon*; and it may be asked, with some dismay, how any ship can escape. It must be owned that it is not easy for the most scientific master of a ship altogether to avoid being misled by compass error; but when once, by observations in different latitudes, the complete law of the disturbances has been obtained, the application of the tabulated results is not so difficult as might be supposed. By means of diagrams and figures of a simple kind, constructed on the basis of a ship's table of deviations, an easy mechanical process will give the correction for every bearing of the ship's head, and no master ought to be allowed to command a ship who has not, at any rate, these first rudiments of magnetic knowledge. The chief safeguard in practice is, that most passenger-ships are continually traversing the same course, and, by a sort of rule of thumb, a captain learns a good deal about the magnetic tricks of a vessel with which he is familiar.

But even when every precaution is taken, there is a danger which nothing can prevent in every new iron ship. On her first voyage a very perceptible change generally takes place in her permanent magnetism. That which was knocked into her by workmen's hammers is shaken out by the winds and waves, and it is not till after a year's service that her condition becomes fixed and her tables trustworthy. With a new ship there is no safety except by giving a wide berth to everything, and this is too often forgotten in the desire to establish a reputation for extraordinary speed. It is to be hoped that the many catastrophes which have happened to iron ships will lead to some regulations for securing, in the merchant service as well as in the navy, a much more careful attention to the placing of their compasses, so as to reduce the deviations to a minimum, and at the same time a more general acquaintance with the directions which the *Admiralty Manual* contains for the correction of compass errors. That other countries are becoming alive to the importance of this new branch of nautical science will appear from the fact of the *Manual* having been already translated into Russian.

VOYAGE D'UN ARTISTE EN SUISSE.*

"PAS d'argent, pas de Suisse," is an old proverb the truth of which many people have found out to their cost. Of late years no country has been more written about, and no country more travelled over, than Switzerland. Peaks, passes, glaciers, are familiar to the mind and the feet of Englishmen, and it was not to read of them that we took up a French volume by M. Desbarrolles, *Voyage d'un Artiste en Suisse à 3 francs 50 par jour*.

Before setting out on his Swiss tour, a friend asked M. Desbarrolles what he intended to spend on his journey; and when he mentioned this moderate sum, the friend smiled incredulously. To prove that he had not miscalculated, our author undertook to make notes of his expenses wherever he went, for the benefit of painters, students, and walking tourists—in short, of all those who are not afraid to burden themselves with their own knapsacks. To this itinerary he proposed to join—

lorsqu'elles me paraîtront intéressantes, le récit de mes rencontres, de mes aventures.—Et vous ferez bien, et vous publierez un livre utile, m'avez-vous répondu; et si à l'utile vous pouvez joindre l'agréable, comme la description des plus beaux sites.—Je la ferai d'après nature en paysagiste.

It was agreed that M. Desbarrolles should add a little judicious mixture of topography, scene-painting, and appropriate reflection; over and above which the friend suggested the indispensable *esprit français*, at which the artist became pensive. He knew his own qualifications (he certainly did not under-rate them). As a traveller, none of the discomforts of journeying affected him, and he could speak German, a necessary accomplishment in some of the Swiss Cantons; but this was in one way a disadvantage. As he sententiously remarks, "One does not acquire anything without losing an equivalent," and a sojourn during his youth in Germany "a jeté sur moi un certain sérieux, très-estimable sans doute, mais cela peut-être au détriment des qualités françaises." So he started for the mountains, tormented by the doubt whether he possessed the true *esprit français*. From our experience of his pages, we could decide for him, and for once set his mind at rest on this point.

As an old traveller, M. Desbarrolles speaks with a certain authority, and his familiarity with Switzerland commenced in the good old time when railways had not converted the country into a vacation pleasure-ground, and the peasants into extortioners. Twenty years ago, M. Desbarrolles published a book entitled *Un Mois de Voyage en Suisse pour 200 francs, y compris les diligences d'aller et de retour*. With an air of austerity, many changes and innovations are recorded. Day by day, says the indignant traveller, the magnificent country becomes more inaccessible to artists and people of small fortunes, who are more qualified to appreciate scenery than those who travel for fashion's sake. The reason of this is very transparent. An influx of rich tourists who have little time to spare spread like locusts over the land; their lavish expenditure at first raised the demon of Swiss avarice, and now they complain that he is not laid. But, as they will see Switzerland, they pay and grumble, too lazy to spoil a holiday by firmly repressing imposition. Then

luxurious travellers fancy they cannot exist without their luxuries, for which hotel keepers rightly tax them; even at second-rate inns prices have been more than doubled, and the natural curiosities and sights of the country are shut off by barricades, so that one must pay, for instance, to see the Falls of the Aar and the Reichenbach Falls. At the latter, the screw is certainly put on pretty tightly, for travellers are expected to pay for the road to it and the cascade. The richest Canton, Berne, is the most mercenary. As M. Desbarrolles asserts, it is "payer partout et toujours, et cela sans prix fixe;" and he elsewhere adds, "c'est toujours on le voit, le système de la chambre avec les suppléments du service et de la bougie." This excess of imposition will work its own cure. The middle classes, scared away, will travel elsewhere. Italy is open and grown more accessible to the stranger, and the new railway, in a day's journey, will conduct the stream of tourists through Switzerland towards Venice or Milan. M. Desbarrolles thinks that vacation tourists will content themselves with visiting Chamouni, as a fine epitome of Swiss scenery, and not expose themselves to the chances of bad weather, when on the other side of the Alps a certain climate and sunny sky await them.

It may be objected that too much has been said against the cupidity of a race who allowed M. Desbarrolles to travel in comfort at the rate of 3 francs 50 centimes per diem. We do not suppose that it would be very easy to reduce one's expenditure to that sum, without the experienced precautions of an old and economical traveller, whose great axiom is to "faire ses prix d'avance," and whose method was never to go to the hotels frequented by the English. Rather select, he says, the German inns, the resorts of the travellers of the country, where all profit by the cheapness of Swiss food. Keeping this in mind, a walking tour in Switzerland would be a cheaper way of spending the vacation than remaining stationary in any retired English village.

The train leaves Paris in the morning, arrives at Mulhouse in the evening, and next day "you are in Berne, or Zurich, or Lucerne, in the heart of Switzerland, for the sum of 38 francs 45 centimes, including everything, by the third class;" the second costs 51 francs 10 centimes. As M. Desbarrolles had not made out any particular route, he simply followed the inclination of the moment. From Berne he went to Thun; and on the lake between Interlaken and Brienz he met and made acquaintance with a stout, middle-aged gentleman and a beautiful lady, who is described very minutely. They miss the steamer, and go together in a boat, where, after some conversation, they talk of travelling expenses, and our economist explains his plans. The lady and gentleman were Parisians, paying 19 francs a day at the hotels, and readily think their companion "un professeur en voyages." He mentions the book he had written in those old days when, including purchases, he had scarcely ever spent so much as 3 francs a day. The gentleman remembered the book and the author's name. They agree to travel together, taking advantage of such a guide for a few days. It ends in their journeying together for a month—the Professor, his companion and pupil, a beautiful widow, and the painter. The pedestrians explored that most interesting and renowned portion of central Switzerland which lies between Zurich on the north, Berne on the west, Altdorf on the east, and then, passing through the Simplon to Domo-d'Ossola, they took the route to Venice by Locarno and the Lago Maggiore. The magnificent district is too well known to bear more than a passing allusion to its points of varied interest. M. Desbarrolles' "voyage en Suisse" was not exactly that of the ordinary run of travellers. Switzerland being familiar to him, he acted as guide and purse-bearer for the three, frequently avoiding the most beaten tracks for others not less beautiful but less known. The lady, who passes as "la voyageuse," is a model companion for such a tour. She appears to have been exempt from the fatigues and restraints of conventional humanity; and her unaffected enjoyment and many charms meet with due acknowledgment from the sympathetic and admiring artist, who in her society bids adieu to Switzerland in these words, "Je suis venu te visiter le cœur déchiré, et je te quitte consolé et l'âme pleine de joie."

The only amusing feature in M. Desbarrolles' book is the rabid dislike to England and the English which crops out in every chapter, in contrast to his praise of everything French, and full recognition of the merits of a particular Frenchman. We will readily allow that the travelling Englishman is not the most attractive character to a foreigner. He often grumbles and always overpays, spoiling the market for those who follow. The Briton abroad has been the subject of pen and pencil satire by his fellow-countrymen; he cannot expect to escape the ridicule of morbid spleen. It is rather good fun, however, to abuse the English for national pride and vanity after exhibiting the following specimen of edifying French modesty:—"Pourquoi le Français mènerait-il la terre, s'il n'était le peuple le plus fort et le plus sage de toute la terre?" An Englishman is veritably the *bête noire* of this egotistical writer, who on one occasion has to mention an act of politeness from an English fellow-traveller "who was evidently happy to oblige." "All my ideas," says M. Desbarrolles, "were confused, and in astonishment I asked if he really were an Englishman." "'Moi?' répondit-il, 'moi? Non! je suis Irlandais.'—'Allons donc!' m'écriai-je, 'voilà qui s'explique enfin!'" This ingenious gentleman supposes it may be thought that he dislikes the English, but that would be an error—he admires Shakespeare, Sterne, and Scott. The aristocracy which has produced some great men, and believes itself divine, does not show itself *en voyage*,

* *Voyage d'un Artiste en Suisse, à 3 francs 50 par jour*. Par A. Desbarrolles.

so the English who travel are the *bourgeois* who blush to be *bourgeois*, and are consequently ridiculous. We quote the words of one who belongs to the most polite nation on earth, and we should be very foolish if we were to judge of French polish by one such specimen. Referring to the travelling *bourgeois*, he says:—

Un Anglais de ce genre appartient de droit à tout homme qui veut se distraire. Pour ma part, j'aime à le voir comme j'aime à voir un paon, c'est pour lui faire étaler son plumage; si je parais écouter un Anglais, c'est pour lui faire déployer tout l'éventail de son orgueil. Son égoïsme m'amuse et ses impertinences me divertissent à ravir. J'aime les choses franches, et l'orgueil anglais est bien tranché, bien net. Pas d'alliage, pas le moindre mélange!

C'est à en rester ébahi, en admiration! et c'est là ce qui m'intéresse en ma qualité d'observateur. Les types bien écrits sont si rares! Qui donc a inventé l'égoïsme? L'Angleterre à coup sûr.

For the exhibition of the personal rancour so conspicuous in these pages there must be some cause. For some reason M. Desbarrolles is very sore about England. An English face is to him what a red rag is to an angry bull. A few chance and inoffensive remarks from a "fils d'Albion," in praise of the inventive genius of his native country and its superior navy, rouse the French artist, who has a rod in pickle for the first Englishman who "claims for his country the sceptre of inventions." He dives into his travelling-bag, and draws out notes he has collected, and extracts he has made on the subject, which, like a gun ready primed, he fires off at his victim. He claims the whole cycle of scientific discovery and invention for French genius. He annihilates the flimsy pretensions of England. He reads a long passage from M. Édouard Fournier's *Le Vieux Neuf*, where France is asserted to be the cradle of all great things, the birthplace of all grand ideas, from the invention of the steam-boat, iron vessels, floating batteries, lighthouses, the screw, the telescope, and goes down to preserved meats and English gardens! We are swept away in a cataract of abuse, and we hear shrieks of France being truth and England sham.

The Englishman is supposed to be angry and silenced by his explosive companion on the Swiss lake. M. Desbarrolles had clearly the merit of originality on his side, when the idea came into his head of keeping notes by him on his tour to overpower imaginary assailants. He was asked how he came to think of such a plan. He characteristically replied that he knew the English, and felt sure some day of having the pleasure of lowering their pride by his quotations. If the story be true, the astonished Englishman would tell it as a capital joke. M. Desbarrolles says it would be unjust to judge a people by an individual, yet, as all the individuals he meets are alike, he is led to infer that the people must be the same, which is a very logical deduction.

Were the writer a young man, we should trust that time might alleviate the violence of his Anglophobia; but, as it is, we fear it must be a chronic disease too deeply rooted in the system for any cure. What hope can be entertained for a man suffering under such mental hallucinations as to write the following assertion amongst a string of others equally sober and equally true about England?—

Elle nous hait, parce qu'elle crie bien haut qu'elle veut la liberté et parce que nous sommes les seuls champions de la liberté. Elle nous hait, parce que, bien qu'elle ait en politique le libre développement de la parole, l'impertinence de la langue, elle n'a pas l'égalité, et que nous, nous avons la véritable égalité.

Even after this, and much of the same sort of indulgence in individual antipathy and invective against England, we readily allow that the *Voyage d'un Artiste en Suisse* may be consulted by those who wish to study mountaineering at 3 francs 50 a day, and who may wish to smile at the railing of a sour spirit, whose extravagance outruns its sense, and whose excess is its own confutation.

STAHR'S LIFE OF LESSING.*

GERMAN authors seem gradually awakening to the fact of the brevity of life, and to the corresponding necessity of brevity in their monographs. They begin to perceive that, in order to find readers, a writer must be tolerably short and moderately readable; and that the public is more frequently propitious to the successful digester than to the patient accumulator of materials. There is scarcely a fact in Mr. Lewes' *Life of Goethe* which had not been previously mentioned in Viehoff's laborious work on the same subject; but even to German readers Mr. Lewes has made himself Goethe's biographer *par excellence*. A similar fate might have befallen the *Life of Lessing*, had a foreign author of reputation, till very recently, chosen to avail himself of the copious materials extant in the learned work of Gubrauer; but M. Adolf Stahr determined that a popular life of a writer who was the very incarnation of the German mind should at all events be attempted by one of his grateful compatriots.

M. Stahr is one of the most prolific, and also one of the most entertaining, of living German writers. He is deeply enough read to satisfy the claims of his own nationality, but he has at the same time the vivacity of a Frenchman and the independent feelings of an Englishman. He appears to be one of those happily-constituted mortals who are at home everywhere. He has worshipped in the museums of Rome and Florence, and conversed at his ease in Paris salons; he has Aristotle under his pillow and Longinus at his fingers' ends; he is *au fait* with the

secret springs of Goethe's amours and the secret meaning of the Music of the Future; he commands the political situation in Germany and in the rest of Europe, and has encompassed and traversed the entire field of ethics, ancient and modern. He is a greater polyhistor than was Lessing himself; and his criticisms attempt as free and bold a range as those of the subject of this biography. That such a writer should but rarely be dull, is no matter for wonder; and it is perhaps equally natural that we should often miss in him the sobriety and moderation which becomes a critic of the arch-critic. Constant allusions to the present are as wearisome to the reader as the author appears to think them incumbent upon himself. The reader should be now and then permitted to draw his own lessons, without having it flung in his teeth that he is a child of the degraded and materialistic nineteenth century. Moreover, a subject like the life of Lessing claims an almost historic dignity of treatment, and that "pitch of style" which the late Dr. Arnold judged requisite in the composition of history. Not that M. Stahr was without the best of intentions to impart such a dignity to his book. The second edition is ushered in by a most sonorous blast of trumpets, consisting in the eulogies of certain critics, quoted with modest pride by the not unconscious author. The book is described as "a lamp to lighten the darkness around;" as "the free confession of a free man amongst hindering and even threatening circumstances; a breath of air and a ray of light amidst the smoke of a gloomy mysticism, a Byzantine hierarchy, a blasé romanticism, which had intruded themselves into the ancient home of the healthiest, clearest, and manliest of German minds;" and a prophecy is added that "it will last, this book, it will work, and in numberless unseen pipes pour forth its pure contents through the world." Being translated, these very brave words signify that, in praising Lessing, M. Stahr meant to tread on the corns of those who yet survive as the relics of the systems which Lessing overthrew.

If, however, the reader will consent to overlook, or to estimate at its proper value, the occasionally almost oppressive grandeur of M. Stahr's commentative oratory, he will find in this biography a very faithful picture, drawn by a most skilful hand, of an intellectual life matchless for its vigour and truthfulness. Lessing was restless, in the sense in which the pilgrim, ever pressing onward to a goal it will never be given him to attain, is restless. Those who complain of a want of unity in his manifold expeditions on various fields but ill understand the unity of the true critic's life. Lessing was anything but a mere negative and destructive critic. Every literary advance which he made formed a link in that *synthesis* which, in a short life, he was able with unusual completeness to establish. In judging of works in the field of any art, it was his constant aim to establish the rules and the limits of that art. From a purification of the literary stables of Germany, he rose to distinct theories by which to determine the adherence to, or aberration from, fixed rules in the case of the French and English schools. In his *Litteraturbriefe*, he showed how Shakspeare and the English dramatists differ from the Greeks as species differs from species, but how the French are as far from them as the perversion is from the original, and the false from the true. To the English poets of Pope's time, and their host of imitators in the German didactic poets, he had already assigned their true limits, excluding them from the Poetic Art. In his *Hamburger Dramaturgie*, he more fully and specially exposed the radical vices of the French tragedians, and defeated Voltaire, and his gods and worshippers, with their own weapon—the appliance of the rule of Aristotle. Yet he was not slow to perceive the likelihood of an aberration in a contrary direction, and to warn young Germany against that defiance of all rules and laws which became the motto of their *Sturm und Drang* period, and of a more recent French school. But to the Poetic Art itself, in contradiction to the Plastic, he fixed limits, in his *Laocoon*, which Winckelmann himself, the greatest of German archaeologists, had failed or refused to recognize. From *Aesthetics* his genius took a loftier flight to Ethics, and after a long series of polemical encounters (some negative in their origin, but all constructive in their aim), arrived at its consummation in those speculations on the development of mankind, and the place belonging in it to revealed religion, which opened to him, in his own words, "an infinite view into a distance neither wholly hidden from his eyes nor wholly discovered to them by the soft gleam of sunset." His various polemical encounters were conducted, if not always with moderation (as in the case of Klotz), yet with a steady view to the goal which would be approached by the removal of the obstructions against which he revolted. Thus Lessing well deserves the name of a second Luther, not only for his fearlessness in overthrowing abuses, but because he did it for the sake of the truth whose countenance they hid from the sight of man. In either case, the vehemence of such struggles is to us rather melancholy than delightful, when we reflect on the hard fate of those who fight, not for fighting's sake, but to be enabled to pursue the path for whose end they are yearning.

A peculiar bitterness characterizes Lessing's unceasing attacks on Voltaire. It must be admitted that Voltaire suffered but little from them during his lifetime, and that his reputation as an originator bids fair to last as long in France as his fame as a destroyer; for in that country, even more than elsewhere, success and vanity form almost impregnable entrenchments. To this, probably, much of the bitterness of Lessing's animosity may be ascribed; but M. Stahr supplies another key, which may

* G. E. Lessing. *Sein Leben und seine Werke*. Von Adolf Stahr. 4 Bände. 2^{te} Ausgabe. Berlin: 1862.

be taken for what it is worth. Lessing, it appears, had a personal opportunity of becoming acquainted with the meanness and injustice of "Voltaire, Chambellan du Roi," through certain more than questionable money transactions of the latter, which involved him in a disgraceful lawsuit, out of which he only escaped by an equally disgraceful compromise. His royal patron and disciple founded on these transactions a comedy, entitled *Tantale en Procès*, and mercilessly satirising the avaricious philosopher. Moreover, Lessing indiscreetly procured the MS. of Voltaire's *Siècle de Louis XIV.*, before publication, from the author's secretary, and by accident took it away with him from Berlin. The wrath of the philosopher, who declared himself robbed, was tremendous. The secretary was dismissed, and an interchange of disagreeable letters in French and Latin passed between Voltaire and Lessing. Lessing's letter has been lost, but he said "it was not one Voltaire was likely to stick in his window." The Frenchman's letter certainly repeats the accusation of theft against the secretary, but is otherwise flattering to Lessing. M. Stahr seems to us to attach too much importance to the affair, which only proves what every one knew before—that the temper of Voltaire was vinegar itself.

The biographer—who, on a previous occasion, has started the theory that Goethe was a democrat at heart, and saw through the hollowness of courts and princes—is very anxious to prove Lessing a member, by anticipation, of the democratic party in Germany. He is candid enough to admit that his hero, except by occasional remarks, never mixed in the politics of the day, but consoles himself by observing that the reason of this was certainly not "that he lacked inclination or capacity for a literary activity of the sort." The capacity all will admit, but of the inclination there is an utter want of evidence. Of the occasional remarks in question M. Stahr is not slow to make the most. Even a very common-place poetical panegyric on Frederic II., contributed by Lessing in his youth as feuilletonist to a Berlin paper, is forced into the argument. The poet says that "it would be a happiness to the king, were his people already worthy of him," which is interpreted to mean, "in other words, if it could do without even so intelligent (*erleuchtet*) a despotism." M. Stahr has also discovered a passage in which Lessing advocates the unity of Germany, though merely for the object of free trade between the States. It would have been well to omit all fruitless speculation as to what Lessing "would have done" had he lived in the times of "the great struggle against absolutism," and to confess at once, as the author afterwards does, that Lessing's radicalism was only "theoretic." The biographer perceives Schiller's motto, *In tyrannos*, visible, though unwritten, on the brow of *Minna von Barnhelm*; and quotes more direct evidence from the fragmentary dramas, *Spartacus* and *Henzi*, the hero of the latter of which is said to be none other than Lessing himself. Had Lessing felt it to be part of his mission to be a political reformer, he was not the man to give any but a full and complete expression to the passionate longings within him. But he had to fight other battles, and with other foes. The work of his life was to conquer liberty of thought—"the one true lesson," in the words of a modern historian, "worth learning from the Reformation," and the one lesson Lessing had learnt from the history of his country.

We had intended to make a few observations on Lessing's plays, whose poetical merits M. Stahr appears to us much to overrate. It is known that he himself wished them excluded from representation on the national stage he was working for; and it is evident that he wrote them, so to speak, more from a sense of duty, as practical examples, than from the instincts of creative genius. It has been remarked that his own inclinations lay rather towards the epics than to the drama—a tendency (barren except of one small but perfect fruit), which, it may be remembered, for a long time hampered Goethe's productive power.

The private life of Lessing, like that of Spinoza (to whom M. Stahr compares him on more than one occasion), was one of singular and unblemished purity, and furnishes another proof of the certain, but not very profound truth, that freedom of speculation is not, as some have ever been found to hold, the beginning of immorality. His biographer observes (we hope we are not uncharitable in suspecting that we detect in the observation the faintest possible twinge of regret) that—

Lessing is the only one among the heroes of our classical literature, in whose heart, love, full and great, found no entrance till the maturity of manhood. He was forty years old when he met, in Eva König, the wife of his heart, and the story of his life up to that time knows of no passion in any way proved by evidence.

M. Stahr, however, insists on the truth of the rumour that Lessing, as early as his nineteenth year, entertained a passing passion for the actress Lorenz, and proceeds to make the most of it. He has also discovered, even against his own judgment, possible evidence, in a poem of eight lines, that his hero was guilty of a "transitory error." His marriage, long delayed by money difficulties, took place in October 1776, and ere sixteen months had passed, he was a broken-hearted widower, his beloved Eva having followed their first infant to the grave. "My wife is dead," he wrote, "and this experience, too, I have made. I am glad that there cannot be many such experiences remaining for me to make." His studies were now to him, to use his own expression, "*laudanum*;" and with a weary heart he bore the burden of the remaining three years of his existence. Yet to those three years we owe his *Nathan* and his *Education of the Human Race*. Such was the domestic life of this great man—one year of happiness, and all the other years full of hope deferred, and of other trials, for his own family

was a source of anything but comfort to him. His public life may be simply described as a struggle for bare existence. He began it as little better than a literary hack; and ended it as the underpaid librarian of Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick. The Elector Palatine generously promised him an annual pension, for which he received devoted thanks, but of which his memory was never retentive enough to cause the payment of a single louis d'or. Such was the situation of the "theoretic republicans," the great German men of letters of Lessing's time. Klopstock lived on the pension of a foreign Sovereign. Wieland was a ducal tutor, "probably more to the prince's advantage than his own," as Lessing wrote to him; and the latter was starved by the bounty of two other native Mæcenases. He died so poor that Duke Ferdinand was obliged to have him buried at the public expense; but his munificence did not extend to the raising of a tombstone.

The late Mr. De Quincey has compared the influence of Lessing on his contemporaries in Germany to that of Dr. Johnson on English literature. The comparison has very little point in it; but it would have been well for Lessing if, in a material sense, literature had been honoured in him as it was in the person of the Doctor. Posterity, with the exception of the German princes (against whom M. Stahr has a parting fling for their refusal to contribute to Lessing's monument) has been more grateful, and, whether it hails him as the genius of Revolution, with Gervinus, or of Evolution, with M. Stahr, willingly subscribes to the eloquent summing-up by the latter of his efforts in the search of Truth:—

The reformer of our national poetry and literature, the creator of our prose, the founder of our stage, the legislator of our critical and æsthetic systems, superior in all his fields to all his contemporaries, becomes the reformer of German philosophy and theology, the continuer of the great work begun by Luther, the founder of the historic view of religion, the great apostle of all true progress towards light in his century.

LONGMAN'S LECTURES ON ENGLISH HISTORY.*

THERE is a simplicity and straightforwardness of aim, and almost an actual *naïveté*, in these lectures, which confers on them a sort of quaint attractiveness, and makes them much more "amusing reading" for the unlearned student than the works of the majority of professed historians. In a sensible preface, Mr. Longman apologises for adding the vocation of author to his functions as publisher, and tells his readers how he came to undertake what promises to be a good big book in several volumes, though starting with a modest and humble beginning. His original intention was to give a short course of lectures on English history, adapted to the popular mind of Chorleywood—a mind in which we presume that the bucolic element largely predominates. But, from being simply interested in his subject as a patriotic Englishman, he speedily found himself fascinated with the attractions it presents to a *bona fide* inquirer; and, like an honest man, as fast as he learnt the defects in his own previous knowledge, he diligently turned to every available source, not only to make himself a competent teacher of the Chorleywood intelligence, but to satisfy his own continually increasing thirst. The more he read, the more deeply he appears to have become impressed with that pre-eminently important characteristic in English political life—its essential growth from roots planted deep in the ground in bygone ages; and he set himself to understand, not only what England was, as a mere matter of fact, in its days of infancy and youth, but by what processes the England of to-day came to be what it is.

Mr. Longman may very fairly be congratulated on the result of his work, so far as it has yet proceeded. There is a certain unpretending freshness about his narratives which is agreeable to the educated as well as to the simple; while the freedom of arrangement which his method permits enables him to group his remarks into miscellaneous sections that diminish the formidableness of a more formal history. He does not claim to write, as a rule, from original sources; but he has sought for guidance in books of a far wider range than is usual with writers who distinctly aim at instructing the unlearned. So far as we know, his book is the first attempt made by an intelligent and thinking man to popularise English history simply because he is himself full of the noble subject. We have had English histories for children, and for schools and colleges; English histories written by professed compilers, or to booksellers' orders; English histories which are little better than elaborate synopses of minute details; with High Church histories, strong Popish histories, and strong anti-Popish histories—to say nothing of the works of those who can claim to be real historians. But we cannot call to mind any predecessor of Mr. Longman in his own especial line, and still less any writer who has written with a "purpose" and is yet so free from prejudice and partiality, and so cordial in his sympathies with what is great and good in the great and good men of past days.

Nothing striking or original is thus to be looked for in these lectures; but, at the same time, there is a great deal to be found in them which even well-educated persons have not always at their fingers' ends. Such are the careful sketches of the origin of the different courts of law, of the varieties of tenure in land, and of the gradual growth of trial by jury, which Mr. Longman has studied from the best modern legal authorities. His narrative is also made all the more readable by a free use of quotations, not

* *Lectures on the History of England.* By William Longman. Vol. I. From the earliest times to the death of Edward II.; with Maps and Illustrations. London: Longmans.

only from chroniclers like Roger of Wendover and Matthew of Westminster, but from old-fashioned historians like Tyrell and Carte, whose names are almost forgotten, but whose unaffected and homely style fits in well with his own. Mr. Longman's style is plain and simple—intentionally so, he says in his preface, from consideration for the deficiencies of the agricultural understanding. But his natural style is evidently of the same type, and, to our liking, is infinitely more agreeable than the stilted rhetoric of the host of writers who worship Macaulay as the great god of history, and cultivate what they call the graphic and the pictorial method. Now and then, indeed, Mr. Longman makes us smile, as when, among the marginal analyses of his paragraphs, we light upon the following outburst:—"Rule Britannia! Britons never shall be slaves." In his next edition, we should suggest a *dele* to this very new quotation. And, in mercy to all readers of ordinary human susceptibilities, we must beg to be spared the comparison of the Anglo-Saxon nature to the north-east wind, which comparison Mr. Longman dilates upon with a most incomprehensible gusto. Mr. Charles Kingsley's Ode to that detestable gale, which Mr. Longman gives in full, may be clever and spirited—perhaps it is so. But though Swift could, as it was said, write finely on such an unpromising subject as a broomstick, Mr. Kingsley can never make verses which will be pleasant reading on what he truly calls the black north-easter. He might as rationally write sonnets on a surgeon's knife or a dentist's forceps. The Christianity which can luxuriate in a black north-eastern wind must be muscular indeed, to an extent appalling to humanly constituted feelings; and it implies, we think, a view of practical asceticism which would be singularly novel to those who adhere to the ancient notions on the mortification of the flesh. We never knew but one man who really liked this odious breeze, and he (doubtless judicially) died at middle age under the genial sky of Naples. But then he was a High Churchman, and knew nothing of the spiritual meaning which lies hid in the keen and withering blast.

The entire paragraph with which Mr. Longman introduces this unattractive similitude is, moreover, scarcely worthy of the very fair and enlightened spirit which pervades his volume. The pre-eminent greatness of England cannot be legitimately proved by the failure of the French to found and retain large colonies, or by the present decay of the old Spanish power and grandeur. The mere establishment and retention of numerous colonies does not in itself satisfy any very high ideal of human greatness; and, at the present moment, the Anglo-Saxon race on the other side of the Atlantic is displaying its energies to the criticism of the world under an aspect which may well make us pause before we finally decide as to the ultimate destiny of our colonial descendants. We at home have undeniably retained all we love best for century after century; but as Mr. Longman himself reminds us, we have an *island* home, together with a past history of an actual unbroken life of a thousand years' duration. What will be the fate of the Anglo-Saxon race under wholly different conditions of national development, none can tell. Let us not glory too boastfully in our colonial greatness, or rather bigness, till time has revealed the issues to which our colonial experiments are tending. In America we are now for the first time witnessing Anglo-Saxon conflicts on the true old Continental European pattern. Should we ourselves have escaped this terrible destiny at home if the British Channel had been dry land? We have dwelt the more strongly on this paragraph of Mr. Longman's, because his book is professedly and heartily a patriotic history. He writes more as a zealous, liberal, and conservative Englishman than as an historian or literary man, and therefore it is the more important that thus early in his labours he should devote his good sense and impartial judgment to an investigation of those intellectual and moral elements which constitute real greatness of national character. The confounding of numerical or material bigness with real power and influential vitality is one of the commonest errors of the day. Yet the two most influential nations that the world has ever known—the Greeks and the Jews—were mere handfuls compared to the multitudes whom their intellects have governed.

As an instance of the care with which Mr. Longman usually forms his conclusions, we may take a few sentences from his note as to prices in the thirteenth century:—

It is a matter of great interest, but of considerable difficulty, to determine the amount which a sum of money at any remote period represents at any other, or the purchasing power at any two such periods of any specified sum, say 100*l.*, meaning by purchasing power the capacity of buying like quantities of like articles of convenience and comfort. The difficulty arises chiefly from the circumstance that we have not a sufficient number of authentic facts for the purpose. We might adopt as the basis of our calculations the wages of an agricultural labourer at any particular period, and the articles he could buy with such wages. But in times so remote as the thirteenth century we have very few statements as to the amount of wages, and we have even reason to believe that a farm-labourer then received some food or clothing in addition to his wages. Our calculation would, therefore, rest on an insufficient basis; but an attempt may be made to reason on such facts as we do possess. Thus, we find that in A.D. 1272, a labourer received 1*½*d. a day, or 9*½*d. a week. About that time wheat varied from 20*s.* a quarter at Northampton, 17*s.* at Bedford, and 13*s.* 4*d.* at Dunstable, in A.D. 1253, to 6*s.* 8*d.* in A.D. 1270, and 4*s.* 6*d.* in A.D. 1281. The average may be taken at 12*s.* a quarter, or 1*s.* 6*d.* a bushel. A farm-labourer, therefore, according to this calculation, could buy half a bushel of wheat with his week's wages. At the present time, we may fairly take the average wages of an agricultural labourer at 12*s.* a week, and the price of wheat at 5*s.* a quarter, or 7*s.* a bushel. A labourer, therefore, could now buy more than a bushel and a half of wheat with his week's wages.

Mr. Longman might have added, on the showing of the above figures, that the condition of the labourer in the middle ages must

have varied extremely, according to the neighbourhood in which he lived. When wheat varied from 20*s.* to 17*s.* and 13*s.* 4*d.* in three places so comparatively near to one another as Northampton, Bedford, and Dunstable, how miserable must have been the labourer's fate in one county as contrasted with his lot in another! In truth, it was not so much the ordinary hardships of the poor, as the extraordinary variations in the price and accessibility of food, which stirred up the most serious disturbances of the mediæval social state. Nor, again, can any very trustworthy inferences be drawn from statistics as to wheat, beef, and other kinds of food which were known to the mediæval poor as rare luxuries. Almost all that they enjoyed of the better species of nourishment they obtained from that closer domestic intimacy with their lords and employers which undoubtedly tended materially to lighten the load of their existence to an extent which we find it nowadays difficult to appreciate. We can never, indeed, enter thoroughly into the life of our forefathers, whether rich or poor, unless we habitually bear in mind the deeply marked chasma which have come to separate the employer and the employed, in connexion with the advance of political equality in modern times.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

NOTICE.

The publication of the "SATURDAY REVIEW" takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-Agent, on the day of publication.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6*d.* unstamped; or 7*d.* stamped.

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London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

MADMOISELLE PICCOLOMINI.—Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.—Mr. Lumley's Benefit Performances. Wednesday, June 3, Mozart's Grand Opera, IL DON GIOVANNI. Last Performance on Monday, June 5.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Beethoven Night, on Monday Evening, June 8. Pianoforte, Mdme. Arabella Goddard; Violin, Herr Japha; Violoncello, Signor Piatti; Vocalist, Mr. Sims Reeves. Conductor, Mr. Benedict. Sofa Stalls, 5*s.*; Balcony, 3*s.*; Admission, 1*s.* Programmes and Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street; and at Austin's, 25 Piccadilly.

BEETHOVEN NIGHT at the MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, on Monday Evening, June 8, at St. James's Hall.

MR. SIMS REEVES will sing "Adelaide" (accompanied by Mdme. Arabella Goddard), "The Savoyard," and "The Stolen Kiss" by Beethoven, at the MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, St. James's Hall, on Monday Evening, June 8. Programmes and Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street; and at Austin's, 25 Piccadilly.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The THIRD of the SERIES of GRAND CONCERTS will be given on Saturday next, June 6, the day appointed for the celebration of Her Majesty's Birthday. The Directors have the pleasure to announce that the following eminent Artists are engaged for this occasion—Mdlle. Carlotta Patti, Madame Lemmens Sherrington, and Signor Severini; Madame Arabella Goddard, and Signor Colosanti. Season Tickets free. Non-Season Ticket-holders, 5*s.*; or by ticket bought before the day, 2*s.* 6*d.* Reserved Stalls, 5*s.* 6*d.* each, now ready.

NOTE.—From the number of persons disappointed in procuring these at the first two Concerts early application is requisite.

MUSICAL UNION.—LEOPOLD AUER, the Hungarian Violinist, will play, for the first time, at the next Matinee, June 9, with Hallé, Flauti, &c. J. E. K. Director.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, June 5. — Mr. CUSINS'S CONCERT.

Under the immediate Patronage of
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES.
Full Orchestra and Chorus. Parepa, Sims Reeves, Messrs. Santley, Orpheus Glee Union, Patti, Burian, Baird Chatterton, and John Thomas. The Senzala composed in honour of their Royal Highnesses by Mr. Cusins, and other works of interest, will be performed safely. Conductors, Professor Bennett and Mr. Cusins. Tickets, 10s. 6s., 3s., and 1s., at Addison & Lucas's, 210 Regent Street; all Musicellers; and Austin's, 28 Piccadilly.

MR. HOWARD GLOVER respectfully announces that his

GRAND MORNING CONCERT will take place at the ST. JAMES'S HALL, on Saturday, June 6, commencing at One o'clock. Articles already engaged: Madame Albani and Madlle. Carlotto Patti (by permission of E. Gye, Esq.), Signor Giuglini and Mr. Sims Reeves, Madlle. Trebelli (by kind permission of J. H. Mapleson, Esq.), Madame Parepa, Madame Louise Michal, Madame Theresa Ellinger, Fraulein Liebhart (the celebrated Lieber Sangerin, from Vienna), Madame Laura Baxter, Madame Lemmens Sherrington, Miss Sarah Dobson, Madame Georgi, Miss Lascelles, Miss Rose Herce, Miss E. Wilkinson, Miss Armstrong, Miss Sp. Her, Miss E. Solinge, and Madame Weiss; Signor Delle Sedie, Signor Bettini, Signor Violetta, Mr. W. Weiss, Mr. Swift, Mr. Tenent, Mr. D. Miranda, Mr. Lewis Thomas, and M. Gaudier. Mr. Levasor, the imitator French Vaudeville singer (by permission of J. Mitchell, Esq.); Herr Reichardt, and Herr Fornes. Pianoforte, Madame Arabella Goldard and Mr. Charles Hall-Violin, Herr Japha. Harmonium, Herr Louis Engel. Conductors, Mr. Benedict, Herr W. Gauss, and Mr. Howard Glover. Stalls, 10s. 6s.; Reserved Seats, 7s.; Front Balcony, 5s.; Back Balcony, 3s.; to be had of Messrs. Chappell, 50 New Bond Street; Mr. Austin, at the Ticket Office, St. James's Hall; Mr. Howard Glover, 3 Keppel Street, Russell Square, and all the principal Music-sellers and Librarians.

S. THALBERG'S FAREWELL SEASON. — S. THAL-

BERG'S Second Matinee on Monday next, June 1, Hanover Square Rooms, to commence at Half-past Two o'clock. The remaining Matinees will take place on Monday, June 1, June 8, and June 15 (the Farewell Recital). Stall tickets, One Guinea; Family tickets to admit four, Three Guineas; Unreserved Seats, Half-a-Guinea; to be had at the principal Libraries and Music-sellers; Austin's, St. James's Hall; and of Mr. Fish, Hanover Square Rooms, where the plan of the seats may be seen.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED, with Mr. JOHN PARRY,

in their CHARMING COTTAGE, every Evening (except Saturday) at Eight. Saturday Mornings at Three. Royal Gallery of Illustration, 11 Regent Street. Unreserved Seats, 1s.; Stalls, 3s.; Stalls Chairs, 5s. In consequence of the numerous attendance the Extra Morning Representations on Thursdays will be continued until further notice.

MR. DAVID FISHER'S FACTS and FANCIES Musically

and Dramatically Illustrated. Mr. David Fisher will appear every Evening (except Saturday), at the St. James's Hall, Piccadilly. Saturday Afternoon, 3 o'clock. Sarah from Norfolk, Gabrielle, Esq., Giovanni Vitti (with violin solo), Fitzburgh, Madlle. Remy et Noir, ac. Jenkins's Recital received with acclamations. Pianist, Madlle. Heine. Stalls, 3s.; Aren, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Tickets at Austin's, 28 Piccadilly.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS. — The

Fifty-Ninth Annual Exhibition is now open at their Gallery, 5 Pall Mall East (close to the National Gallery), from Nine till Dusk. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.

JOSEPH J. JENKINS, Secretary.

FRENCH GALLERY, 120 Pall Mall. — The Tenth Annual

EXHIBITION OF PICTURES, the Contribution of Artists of the French and Flemish Schools, is now open. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.

"Tell the Prince that this is the secret of England's greatness."

THE SPLENDID PICTURE of HER MAJESTY the

QUEEN presenting a Copy of the Bible to the African Embassy at Windsor Castle, tracing the source of the power and greatness of her Empire to the Sacred Book, painted by Tiso, Jones Barker, Esq., N.C. is now on View daily, at Messrs. J. & R. Jennings's Gallery, 62 Cheside. Hours, Ten to Five. Admission, 6d.

TO THE ELECTORS of the CITY of LONDON. —

GENTLEMEN, — At the invitation of a numerous and influential body of electors, I venture to offer myself as a candidate to fill the vacancy caused by the death of your late lamented Member.

A Liberal by conviction, I am in favour of liberal measures, not only when they have become unavoidable, but when on their own merits they appear to be just and good. The conduct of the Lancashire operatives during a most trying time has strengthened my conviction that the power of political control extends beyond the limits of the present franchise. I prefer a policy of cordial confidence to one of grudging concession; and desire to see the franchise given rather than extorted. Belonging to the party which has forced education upon the country, I hold the extension of political responsibility to be the natural result of that movement. I have no fear of my principles. I believe the future of England can safely be trusted to the English people.

I sympathize with the progress of freedom abroad, no less than at home. I think the support given by Lord Palmerston's Government to the cause of Italian liberty one of its best titles to public confidence. I support the policy of non-intervention, in the belief that men must achieve freedom in order to be qualified for its use; and that the influence of our institutions is even greater and more durable than our power. I desire to see the temporary disabilities brought upon liberal institutions by the war in America; and I approve the dignified neutrality we have maintained.

A Churchman by training and choice, I naturally regard the Church of England with affection; but in its own best interests, I desire it to rely on its own strength rather than on unequal privileges. I am sure that it has not been weakened, or its clergy made less respectable, by the liberal legislation of the last five-and-thirty years. I am in favour of the abolition of Church-rates. I wish the last vestige of religious disabilities to be swept away.

Political independence has so far advanced, that the introduction of a new mode of voting would rarely affect the results of elections. But as the protection of the ballot is claimed by a large class who are liable to suffer for a conscientious vote, I should support its adoption.

As a merchant actively engaged in business, and having some practical experience of finance, I should naturally watch the progress of commercial legislation with especial care. My diligent attention would be devoted to all those questions in which the interests of the mercantile community are concerned. The uncompromising development of the principles of free trade has already effected great results. It is necessary to continue in the same course.

I am convinced that a more economical system of administration in the executive departments is quite compatible with the efficiency of the public services.

The Parliamentary duties of a representative of London must necessarily include assiduous attention to your local affairs. I regard the late attempt to invade the municipal rights of the City as injudicious and inconsistent with the true policy of a Liberal administration. I believe local self-government to be an essential element of national liberty.

In the belief that my political sentiments are those of a majority of the electors, I appeal to all who desire to see the City of London represented by a Liberal to give me their support.

I am, Gentlemen, your obedient servant.

12 Austin Friars, May 27, 1863.

GEORGE J. GÖSCHEN.

CITY of LONDON ELECTION. — THE CENTRAL

LIBERAL ELECTORS' COMMITTEE SITS HERE DAILY, to secure the return of
GEORGE J. GÖSCHEN, Esq.

4 Charlotte Row, May 27, 1863.

ARTHUR ANSON, Chairman.

SEYMOUR SMITH, Secretary.

GEORGE LEDGER, Assistant Secretary.

SOCIETY for the PROPAGATION of the GOSPEL in

FOREIGN PARTS.

ANNUARY ARRANGEMENTS, 1863.

On Tuesday, June 2, the 16th ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL will be celebrated in St. Paul's Cathedral, Divine Service to commence at Four o'clock. The Sermon will be preached by his Grace the Archbishop of Armagh. The Full Choir of the Cathedral will be augmented by the Choirs of Her Majesty's Chapel Royal, Westminster Abbey, &c. &c.

The Treasurers and Secretaries of District and Parochial Associations will hold a Meeting on the morning of the same day at 79 Pall Mall. To commence at Eleven o'clock.

On Wednesday, June 10, the ANNUAL DINNER of Members and Friends of the Society will take place at Thomas's Hotel, Charles Street, St. James's; the Earl of Powis in the Chair. Tickets, 6s. (without wine), to be had at the Hotel, or of the Honorary Secretaries, 79 Pall Mall, not later than June 8.

On Friday, June 12, the ANNUAL MEETING for the City of London will be held in the Egyptian Hall, Mansion House, at Two o'clock; the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor will preside.

On Friday, June 19, a SPECIAL FESTIVAL SERVICE will be held at Seven o'clock in the evening in the Nave of Westminster Abbey, of which further particulars will be duly advertised.

Tickets for St. Paul's Cathedral and the Meeting at the Mansion House may be obtained at 79 Pall Mall, and a Royal Exchange, on and after June 1.

DINNER of the NATIONAL CONSERVATIVE REGIS-

TRATION ASSOCIATION. The Anniversary Banquet of the Members and Friends will take place at Willis's Rooms, King Street, St. James's, on Tuesday, June 9, 1863. Right Hon. the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot, President of the Association, in the Chair. Nearly one Hundred Noblemen and Members of Parliament have enrolled their names as stewards, a list of whom will be published in due course. Tickets, 25s. each, to be had of C. L. GARRISON, Esq., Hon. Treasurer, 38 Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

THE CONSERVATIVE LAND SOCIETY. — Enrolled under

6 & 7 WILL. IV. cap. 22, as the CONSERVATIVE BENEFIT BUILDING SOCIETY. Notice is hereby given that the 4th QUARTERLY GENERAL MEETING of the Members will be held at the Office, 38 Norfolk Street, Strand, London, W.C., at Two o'clock on Tuesday, June 30, 1863. Viscount Palmerston in the Chair. — To receive the Quarterly Report of the Executive Committee, and for general purposes.

By order of the Board,
CHARLES LEWIS GRUNZEISEN, Secretary.

LONDON LIBRARY, 12 ST. JAMES'S SQUARE.

The Twenty-second ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Members will take place in the Reading-room this day, Saturday, the 30th instant.

The Right Hon. the Earl of Clarendon, K.G., President, will take the Chair at Three o'clock &c.

ROBT. HARRISON, Secretary and Librarian.

ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE OFFICE, Royal

Exchange, London, May 20, 1863. The Court of Directors of the Corporation of the Royal Exchange Assurance do hereby give Notice, that their Transfer Books will be shut from Thursday, June 1, next, to Thursday, July 3, following; and that a GENERAL COURT of the said Corporation will be held at their Office at the Royal Exchange, on Wednesday, June 17, at Twelve o'clock at Noon, to consider of a Dividend.

ROBERT P. STEELE, Secretary.

INFANT ORPHAN ASYLUM, WANSTEAD. —

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.
In consequence of the immediate Extension of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway across Lodge Hill, the Committee have been compelled to REMOVE their OFFICES to 100 FLEET STREET, where, from this date, all communications are to be addressed.

By Order of the Committee.
May 5, 1863. HENRY W. GREEN, Secretary.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION. — The GOLD MEDAL of the

ATHLETIC CLUB, or a prize of Ten Guineas, will be given for the best Essay on the above subject sent in to the Committee of the Club on or before June 1 next.

The Essay will be read in St. George's Hall, Liverpool, at the presentation of Prizes to the Victor in the Olympic Contest to be held in Liverpool, June 1863.

For further particulars, apply to JOHN HULLEY, Hon. Sec., Athletic Club, Liverpool.

MALVERN PROPRIETARY COLLEGE.

President and Visitor. — THE LORD BISHOP OF WORCESTER.

Head Master. — THE REV. ARTHUR FABER, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of New College, Oxford. Arrangements have been made for commencing the College Buildings so that they may be opened for the reception of Pupils during the summer of 1864.

For Prospectus and Shares apply to the Honorary Secretary, from whom any further information may be obtained.

L. STUMMES, M.D., Malvern, Hon. Sec.

WOOLWICH, SANDHURST, and DIRECT COMMIS-

SIONS. — The Rev. EDWARD B. A., M.A., Wrangler of Trinity College, Cambridge, takes PUPILS. — Address, Dorsey, near Windsor.

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Twelve Pupils, who are reading for the above, and prepare them thoroughly and quickly. Terms moderate. — M.A., 6 Ansell Terrace, Brixton, S.

PRIVATE TUITION by the SEA-SIDE. — The Rev.

EDWARD BRICE, B.A., late Scholar of Lincoln College, Oxford, receives into his family SIX PUPILS to prepare for the Army, Navy, Public Schools, &c. Terms, £100 a year. Address, 2 Leamington Villas, Ellenborough Park, Weston-super-Mare.

PRIVATE TUITION on the MALVERN HILLS. — A

married Clergyman, experienced in Tuition, without pecuniary charge, who takes a limited number of Pupils to prepare for the Public Schools, Professions, and Universities, has Vacancies. References, Rev. Dr. VAUGHAN, late Head Master of Harrow, and parents of pupils. — Address, Rev. E. FORD, West Malvern Park.

INDIA CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS. — A Military

Tutor, who has several Candidates for the above reading with him, will be happy to meet with others, resident or non-resident. At the India Civil Service Examination in 1862, four were successful out of five Candidates that proceeded from his house, and were placed 12th, 13th, 14th, and 16th. — Address, A. D. SPANDE, M.A., 12 Princes Square, Bayswater, W.

SCHOOL FRIGATE, H.M.S. "CONWAY," LIVERPOOL. —

This Institution (the next session of which commences on August 1) is designed mainly to Train and complete the Education of Boys intended for Officers in the Merchant Navy. Boys intended for the Royal Navy are also admitted, and receive special Training for that Service.

His Grace the Duke of Somerset, First Lord of the Admiralty, and Rear-Admiral Lord Clarence Paget, have each kindly placed a Nomination for a Naval Cadetship at the disposal of the Committee of Management. Terms, 35 Guin. per Annum.

Full particulars may be obtained on application to the Secretary, B. J. THOMSON, Esq., 22 Roper's Buildings, Liverpool.

ARMY EXAMINATIONS. — At the late Competitive Ex-

amination for Direct Commissions, the Honourable Joshua Vanneck passed on Superior Answer Book. References to Mr. Thomas A. Vaneck, formerly Second Master of the Royal Grammar School, Reading; subsequently Private Tutor to a Nobleman in France; and late Principal of St. Germain, Fotheringham.

Vacancies for Two Pupils. References to N. BERNEN, whose sons are now under Mr. Arthur's care. — Address, 35 Boulevard Bineau, Parc de Neuilly, Paris.

ASPLEY SCHOOL, Beds, conducted by Dr. LOVELL. — Pupils

are prepared for the Public Schools, the Army and Navy Examinations, the Military Colleges, and the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. Native Teachers of French and German reside in this School; and those languages form an integral part of the daily tuition. — All particulars can be had of the Principal.

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PETITIVE EXAMINATIONS; invariably successful. — At Blessington Hall, Lee, Blackheath, a Wrangler of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Professor de La Voe, thoroughly FLEET STREET, are preparing for the Royal Academy, Woolwich, Sandhurst, the Line, and Indian Service. Monthly, 12 Guineas. Nine sent this year, all passed. Number of Students limited to Ten. — Address, Principal.

CLAPHAM COMMON. — A Lady receives the Younger Sons

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LONDON LIBRARY, 12 St. James's Square, London, S.W.

President. — THE EARL OF CLARENDON.

The following are the Terms of Admission to the Library, which contains 80,000 Volumes of Ancient and Modern Literature, in various Languages: — Subscription, £3 a Year, or £4 a Year with Entrance Fee of 40s. Membership, 25s. Fifteen Volumes are allowed to Country and Ten to Town Members. Reading-Room open from Ten to Six. Prospectus on application.

ROBERT HARRISON, Secretary and Librarian.

IMPORTANT to Noblemen and Gentlemen forming or adding

to their Libraries, Anatomists of Rare, Curious, and Fine Books, Curators of Public Libraries, &c.

On June 1 will be published, 8vo. pp. 160, a Catalogue Raisonné of Fifty Thousand Volumes of Rare, Curious, Useful and Valuable Books, Ancient and Modern, in various Languages and Classes of Literature, Splendid Books of Prints, Picture Galleries, Illustrated Works, Beautifully Illuminated Manuscripts on Vellum, &c. &c., interspersed with Bibliographical Notices and Extracts, now on Sale at very greatly Reduced Prices, and to prove this to be the case, the present and the former prices are printed in parallel columns.

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New assured in the current year (1863) will be placed among that number after payment of their first premium, and will become entitled to a rateable share in the bonus to be made in December 1860, and in all future benefits of the Office.
SURRENDER OF POLICIES.—The full value is paid on surrender, without any deduction.
LEASES ON POLICIES.—The Directors will make advances on deposit of the Policies.
A Court of Directors is held every Wednesday, from 11 to 1 o'clock, to receive proposals for New Assurances; and a Short Account of the Society may be had on application, personally or by post, at the Office.

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